

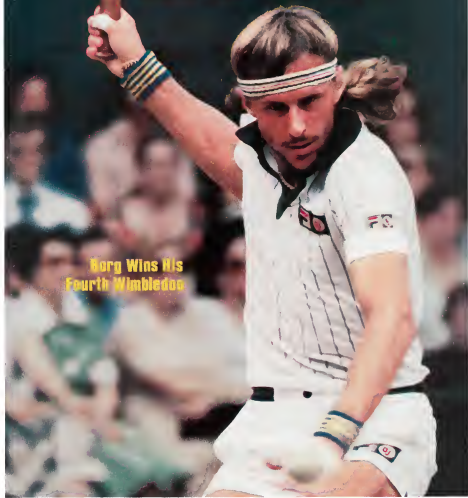
Sports Illustrated

JULY 16, 1979

\$1.25

BJORN AGAIN

**Borg Wins His
Fourth Wimbledon**

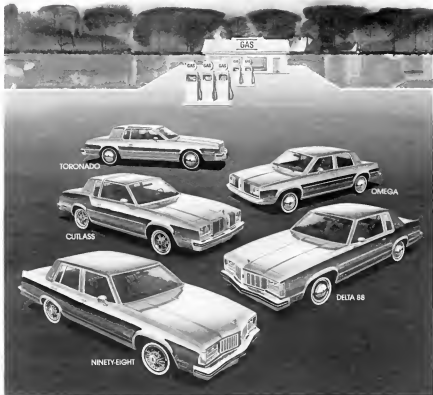


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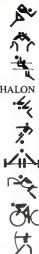
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Readers occasionally inquire how this magazine's staffers hack it as athletes. Well, as a teen-ager in Coral Gables, Fla., Bill Colson used to beat Jimmy Connors at tennis. That was only in practice, Connors having been three years younger and in a different division, but Colson does have tournament wins over Vitas Gerulaitis, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried, Roscoe Tanner and Harold Solomon. Moreover, in 1967-68, when his high school tennis team took the national interscholastic title, the football team, for which Colson was leading receiver, went 13-0-0 for a mythical national championship.

After Colson there is a considerable falling-off, but we have had our moments. Jerry Kirshenbaum once beat Johnny Weissmuller over 50 meters in the Hall of Fame pool in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. "Weissmuller was 63, three decades older than I was, but his stroke was still strong and I had to go all out. Of course," Kirshenbaum adds, "the outcome might have been different if he'd known we were racing."

Myra Gelband has played miniature golf with Ben Crenshaw, generally considered the best putter on the tour. She made a hole in one. Crenshaw didn't. "In fact, he broke the windmill," says Myra. Gilbert Rogin whopped Maurice Richard in Ping-Pong, but the Rocket got revenge. He sixed his No. 1 son on Rogin. Score: Maurice Jr. 21, Rogin 4.

Maureen Connolly stayed with Walter Bingham's family in 1950, when she was 15 and playing in the Pacific Southwest Tournament at the L.A. Tennis Club. The day before that event began, Bingham beat her 6-2. "During a break in the tournament she took me across the street to the house of—trumpets, please—Gary Cooper, who had invited her to use his court," Bingham says. Little Mo—hold the trumpets—beat the 19-year-old Bingham 6-3, 6-4.

Dan Jenkins occasionally played golf with Ben Hogan in Fort Worth: "I beat him out of a dollar once on a back-nine press," Jenkins says. "As for Pro-Ams, I finally retired from them in 1973 after Johnny Miller and I beat Jack Nicklaus and Howard Clark, of American Express, at Marbella, Spain. I made five birdies with borrowed clubs before eight million people."

John Underwood has played pool with Rod Laver, and thinks he won, but it was after a Polynesian dinner he recalls as having been "primarily a series of Navy grogs, and I always do win under those conditions." Underwood also had a contest with Craig Ferlig, who once quarterbocked Southern Cal and now coaches at Oregon State, the object being to hit a crossbar T in a fence some 20 yards away with a football. "I hit it three out of five to Ferlig's one," Ferlig blamed the defeat on an unspecified injury suffered while filming a war movie with Charlton Heston, but the stake was a lifetime supply of vanilla fudge, and Ferlig delivers every time he's out Underwood's way.

Clive Gammon won nothing for his grandest sporting accomplishment, but his achievement was nevertheless much appreciated. "At the Admiral's Cup, the ocean race off Cowes, England," he recalls, "Dennis Conner, the skipper of the big American boat *Charisim*, allowed me to, nay, insisted that I should, take the helm in a workout in the Solent. In choppy seas I am proud to say that I missed the royal yacht *Briaranna*, with the Queen on board, by a full 100 feet."

In the '60s, horsing around with the Boston Bruins in Detroit's Olympia, Mark Mulvoy deflected a Bobby Orr shot past Goulie Gerry Cheevers. In real life Mulvoy is a 6-handicap golfer and former champion of The Agawamis Club in Rye, N.Y.

Which brings us to Frank Deford and Victor the Wrestling Bear. Deford did a story on Victor, and on the second day of their acquaintance was conked into going up against the undefeated bear.

"Victor creamed me," Deford says. "And this is the thing. Up until then, Victor had been very, very kind to me. Afterward, he treated me like dirt. If I went by, he slapped a paw at me. He would grab my Coke. And I have a hunch other athletes would act the same way. Writers have no business," Deford asserts, "playing the athletes they cover at their own games."

Robert F. Sullivan

Sports Illustrated

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

DANGER: PCBs AT WORK

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration is lowering the permissible levels of polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) from five to two parts per million in fish sent to market. PCBs are chemical cousins of DDT and are used for their heat-resistant properties in a variety of products, notably electrical transformers and capacitors. They have caused cancer in laboratory rats, raised havoc with the reproduction of monkeys and caused bone deformities and stillbirths in humans. The Federal Government banned their manufacture last January, but because of the junking of old products, vaporization and leaks, PCBs are likely to persist in the environment—and accumulate in fish—into the next century.

The FDA ruling applies only to fish in interstate commerce, but the states are expected to follow Washington's lead. The new levels could affect some salt-water species, including striped bass, bluefish and tuna taken off Long Island. Freshwater fisheries could be even harder hit. A study by the Environmental Protection Agency has turned up astronomical levels of PCBs in whole fish, e.g., 140 parts per million for Lake Hartwell, S.C.; 89.3 ppm for Choccoloco Creek, Ala. and 47.2 ppm for Acushnet River Reservoir, Mass. The study shows that

53% of the fish sampled from 46 selected watersheds contained at least five ppm and that 86% contained more than two ppm. Fish with more than two ppm abounded in the Kennebec River in Maine; the Red River of the North at Halstad, Minn.; the Wabash in Indiana; and the Colorado River in Blythe, Calif.

EPA scientists have found a host of other chemicals in freshwater catches: many fish are, in essence, miniature Love Canals. Among the chemicals are hexachlorobenzene, a fungicide recently shown to cause cancer in hamsters, and pentachlorophenol, a highly toxic wood preservative. The researchers also report widespread contamination from hydrocarbon mixtures similar to fuel and crankcase oils. Concentrations were so high they could simply be weighed instead of measured on a parts-per-million scale. Even more worrisome is the presence of dioxins and furans, which are the most poisonous known synthetic substances. In 1976 an explosion at a chemical plant so severely contaminated the town of Seveso, Italy with dioxins that certain neighborhoods may be uninhabitable for the next 50 years. Researchers at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service recently found dioxins in a composite sample of carp and smallmouth bass from the Tutabawassee River in Michigan and

furans in largemouth bass from the Hudson. The discovery introduces a new element of concern in the battle against chemical poisoning of the environment.

Because it will result in the loss of fish, the new ruling on PCBs is, by itself, likely to cast a pall over both sport and commercial fishermen. The sanest, if not necessarily quickest, way to ease their distress would be to begin purging the environment of PCBs. Although little can be done about PCBs that have become diffused in waterways, many highly concentrated "hot spots" can be dredged. Steps also can be taken to ensure the phasing out of products—transformers on railroad cars, for example—before they leak PCBs into the environment.

The reduction of permissible levels even to two parts per million may be inadequate. Dr. Joseph Highland, chairman of the Toxic Chemicals Program of the Environmental Defense Fund, says, "Two parts per million was selected solely on the grounds of avoiding greater economic impact." Dr. Ian C. T. Nisbet, an ecologist who assessed PCB hazards for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, says, "To assure safety, you have to go lower than two. Unless the limit is lowered to one-tenth of a part per million, pregnant women should be advised not to eat fish at all."

CONDITIONAL AGREEMENT

Bob Arum was in South Africa last week, trying to arrange a late-summer bout between John Tate and Gerrie Coetzee for the World Boxing Association title vacated by Muhammad Ali. Over the phone to the New York Daily News' Dick Young, Arum issued a challenge to rival promoter Don King, who is plotting a World Boxing Council title match between champion Larry Holmes and Earnie Shavers. Arum proposed that the winners of the two fights meet for a consolidated championship, with all profits going to Arum if his man won, to King if his man did. Young then called King, who accepted the challenge.

If King had stopped there, it would have been a stunning development—boxing's No. 1 Hatfield and the sport's

No. 1 McCoy agreeing on a sensible solution to the muddled heavyweight situation. But King didn't stop there. He told Young that while it was a "pleasure" to accept Arum's offer, he might foil his rival by shooting Shavers in to fight Tate and then, if Shavers won, unifying the titles by matching him against Holmes. Of course, that would leave Coetzee out in the cold but, you see, no definite date had been set for a Holmes-Shavers fight and furthermore...

Aw, forget it.

RUNNING UP A TEMPEST

As an aspiring actress in London, Angela Lal once appeared in a minor production of *The Tempest*. After quitting the theater to marry Peter Coe, she named her first two children Sebastian

and Miranda after characters in that play. Though neither child took up acting, both were onstage last week. While 20-year-old Miranda Coe was dancing—covered, if you must know—in the chorus of the *Lido de Paris* show at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas, Sebastian Coe, 22, called "Seb" by his family, was setting a world record of 1:42.4 in the 800-meter run in Oslo.

Coe had the world's second-fastest clocking in the 800 last year, and then as now he labored under certain seeming disadvantages. For one, he is virtually the same size as his sister—5' 9½" and 120 pounds. That's fine for a Vegas showgirl, which Miranda has been since arriving from England 18 months ago, but the rather scrawny Sebastian gets bounced around a lot on the track. Also, he has

continued

been trained only by his father, an engineer in a Sheffield silverworks, and has never received professional coaching. And in Oslo he was a bit short on conditioning, having just completed his final exams in economics at Loughborough University. All considered, Sebastian Coe's performance was "such stuff as dreams are made on" (*The Tempest* IV, i, 148). In smashing Alberto Juantorena's world record of 1:43.4 by a full second, he beat runner-up Evans White by 30 meters.

THREE-SIX

Under NCAA rules, coaches are limited to three recruiting visits to an athlete's home, and an athlete may visit no more than six campuses. Charley Pell, the University of Florida's new football coach, thinks those figures should be reversed. "You can't really make a judgment on a kid by meeting him three times," Pell says. "You try to select someone you believe will be a winner on the field and in the classroom. With three visits, a lot of guesswork is involved." As for the limit on athletes, he says, "Nobody really has six schools so close in his mind that he needs all those visits." Pell holds that the six allotted visits thus tend to be "all pleasure, no business."

Pell doesn't expect his suggestion to be heeded. "The problem is, the schools with all the power have influence on the rulemaking," he says. "They don't get hurt by the three-visit rule because a coach with a national reputation can come into a kid's home once and sign him. They don't get hurt by the six-visit rule because kids will always save a trip to their place. They figure, 'If we're not hurt, why change the system?'"

ROAD SWEET ROAD

Everybody knows that the home team in sports often enjoys a decided advantage. Dr. Steven I. Berkowitz, a Beverly Hills psychologist, has given thought to ways by which visiting teams can overcome it. Based on his work with patients who spend a lot of time on the road, including actors and traveling salesmen as well as athletes, he offers suggestions—some practical, others outrageous—to help teams fare better away from home.

Berkowitz says that visiting players can partly offset the home team's territorial advantage by staying in hotels close to the stadium. He explains, "The more foreign territory you see on the bus ride

to the park, the more of a stranger you feel." He also suggests a visit to the stadium the night before a game, a walk on the field, a spell of sitting in the stands. Football players might also consider urinating on the goal line. "This declares it as your territory," Berkowitz says. "Dogs do it, wolves do it. It's your little secret: you know the area is yours." And he suggests that visitors "negate the hostility of fans" by mingling with them in the stands before games and buying them hot



dogs. The thought of, say, a Tom Cousineau mingling with the fans at Ann Arbor makes us a little uneasy, but then, Berkowitz is the doctor.

One other piece of advice from Berkowitz is that the visiting player bring something familiar and intimate with him from home, like a blanket or a pillow. "I know it sounds silly for Mean Joe Greene to carry a pillow around, but it has his own smell," he says. Of course, Joe himself might prefer bringing along a stuffed animal—or maybe a stuffed psychologist.

PADDING A MOUNTAIN

Don't thank for a minute that the arrival of warmer weather has eased Lake Placid's problems with next February's Winter Olympics. Dr. Bud Little of Helena, Mont., is casting a midsummer chill on the tiny Adirondacks hamlet. Little is chairman of the medical committee of FIS, the International Ski Federation, and a man of unquestioned authority where Olympic safety is concerned. In an obvious power play, he warns that the men's and women's downhill races, the centerpiece events

of any Winter Games, may be canceled.

At issue are plans for the evacuation of injured racers by helicopter. Lake Placid has provided a landing pad at the base of Whiteface Mountain, on the theory that crash victims can be tobogganed to the bottom of the slope before being airlifted to the hospital. Not good enough, says the FIS, there would have to be two more places for copters to land on the mountain for quicker evacuation.

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, which is responsible for helicopter operations on the mountain, maintains that landing near the racecourse would be unsafe. Lack of crowd control and strong winds that can cause blinding snow and possibly buffet a helicopter into lift lines are the main hazards. But Little says, "It's standard operating procedure in world Alpine competition to have on-hill evacuation by helicopters."

It is too soon to tell whether Little's cancellation threat will achieve his desired results. Strong-arm tactic or not, it should. Now is the time for Lake Placid to get cracking on installation of the extra pads before the mountain is buried in snow. A way to operate the helicopters safely must be found, too.

THE BIG RAINOUT

Barely halfway through its inaugural season, baseball's Inter-American League (SI, June 4) has folded. The Triple A league started with teams in six cities, but on June 16 the Panama City and San Juan franchises went under and now the remaining clubs, Miami, Caracas, Santo Domingo and Manacabo, have followed suit, leaving a sea of debts and a lot of unpaid and angry players. Launched without working arrangements with major league clubs, the league suffered from shaky financing, nightmarish travel problems and a wet Caribbean summer. In what must be some sort of a record, its schedule was devastated by 70 rainouts—roughly nine a week.

THEY SAID IT

● Jason Thompson, Detroit Tiger first baseman, after Manager Sparky Anderson announced a ban on jeans: "There goes my wardrobe."

● Bill Bradley, on the U.S. Senate gym: "It can't compare with the Newark Y. I swam four strokes and jammed two fingers and scratched my head at the other end of the pool."

END

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THE GRAND FINALE

Bjorn Borg won his fourth straight Wimbledon championship, as expected, but he was taken to five sets by stubborn Roscoe Tanner, who played the match of his life

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



Four down—immortality to go.

What else can be in prospect for the astonishing Bjorn Borg? By the time he has won his final Wimbledon sometime in the next century, Borg will have learned how to balance a racket on his nose, to serve from the cartwheel position and to topspin a bushel of strawberries over Westminster Abbey. At this point anything would be appreciated conducive to altering the scenario for a tournament which, storied and marvelous though it may be, simply is being whaled to an unappealing pulp by the consistently magnificent play of the snaggled-haired Swede.

In fact, if it had not been for the oppressive, pounding service and otherwise splendid all-round effort of Roscoe Tanner in the final last Saturday, Wimbledon 1978 might have passed into history as the most tedious fortnight ever.

As it was, Tanner's blazing deliveries and newly developed backhand nearly thwarted history before Borg prevailed in a gripping five-set match, 6-7, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. Having played most of his matches "in the country"—which is what the players call the non-show courts—as more recognizable challengers such as John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis and Arthur Ashe were being ushered out of his half of the draw in the earlier rounds, Tanner was something of an enigma. As Borg said, "You never know what Roscoe's going to do. Hit aces and winners all over the place, or what."

But, come the duel, there was no mistaking the positive attitude and ground-stroke aggressiveness that sometimes have been sorely missing from Tanner's game. The stocky 27-year-old lefthander, nicknamed "Scoe," is from Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and that's what opponents usually do against his 999-mph serves: look out. *continued*

Tanner's concussive serve delayed, but it could not prevent Borg's jubilant moment of victory.



When Tanner wasn't drilling aces past Borg—he hit 15—or scoring with service winners that the champion barely touched, he would storm the net, even on second serve, and volley away Borg's setup returns. Tanner's backhand, which he can now roll over the top as well as hit flat, kept him in many rallies and bothered Borg right up through the fifth set, but the Swede's counterpunching—he whiplashed 32 clean passing winners during the overcast, windy afternoon—ultimately took its toll.

Not exactly a pitty-pat server himself, Borg had been slugging his own toonder balls at Tanner, allowing him a mere four points against serve in the second set, six against in the fourth—only one break game in the entire match. And when he broke Tanner in the opening game of the fifth set, he had only to hold serve for victory and another terrific rendition of the fall-to-the-knees-in-prayer routine he seems to have reserved for the occasion.

But in the second game of that tense final set, Tanner came to the verge of a break three different times. Borg, spinning deliveries into his opponent's now-suspect backhand, rapped service winners to turn him away on each try.

In the eighth game, Tanner had two break points after a difficult touch volley. At 15-40 he had Borg trapped at the net, leaning to the crosscourt side, with a setup forehand down the line star-



For the net umpire at his post on Centre Court it was once more with feeling during every serve.

ing him in the face. Poised to tie the match, Tanner was too careful. He held, aimed and fired. Wide. "I played it too fine," he was to say later. "The match might have come down to that point ... basically ... probably."

Or the next one: another breaker that Tanner wasted at net or, rather, Borg snatched from the baseline by unleashing a double-fisted backhand down the line that came skimming over the tape, then

bolted downward like some fuzzy, miniature Skylab gone berserk. "He dipped it on me," said Tanner. "The big topspin. I never saw the ball."

Borg held for 5-3 and ran out the match, but not before Tanner saved three match points from 40-0 with some ferocious, not to mention courageous, drives off both wings. Tanner had scared the champion into "being never so nervous in my whole life. I could hardly hold the racket. If he takes that game from 0-40, no way I win." In the finest performance of his career, Tanner had made Borg work his headband off for every glorious inch of his fourth glorious Wimbledon trophy, and had proven him, finally, thoroughly human.

Or had he? Before the final, the suspicion prevailed all over London, and wherever else one might try to lay an insane wager on Tanner, that he would have to get an early jump on Borg. Which he did. That Tanner would require hard, dry turf for his mortars to explode off of. Which he got. That Tanner would have to play out of his curly-haired skull to even stay on the court with Borg. Which he also did.

Still Borg won. "In the fourth and fifth sets I win all the big points, every single one," he said. "I don't know. In this tournament I am always winning those points. It is very strange."

Point of order. Practically every day of a very un-strange Wimbledon brought reminders of what Borg has been doing

A battle-scarred Billie Jean gained her 20th Wimbledon championship—this one in women's doubles.



to this tournament and, in tandem, to tennis itself. Namely, dominating the day-and-night-lights out of it.

There was Tanner himself, hardly concealing his postmatch joy. At what? Yes, at coming so close. "Hah," he kept chuckling. "Just being in the final ain't all that bad. Hah!"

There was Brian Teacher, whose fourth-round match with Borg (6-4, 5-7, 6-4, 7-5) elicited the tennis of Teacher's life—huge serves, stinging volleys, clinic-perfect points in which he did everything but pull a knife on his opponent before Borg prevailed. Afterward, Teacher said, "I'm not mad that I played so well and lost. I'm mad that I played the whole damn tournament so well and had to meet up with him."

And there was Tim (The Twin) Gullickson—the righthanded Gullickson—who, after eliminating the second seed, McEnroe, in straight sets in the fourth round, said his goal was to reach the final. Not to win, mind you. Not to—perish the thought—defeat Borg. But to "reach the final."

If this wasn't evidence enough of the mass fright enveloping the green lawns, teeming walkways and serpentine corridors of Wimbledon—a certain feeling that, against all that is sacred among competitors bold and true, everybody else was playing for second place—Vijay Amritraj added more.

It was only Wednesday of the first week when Amritraj, the elegant stylist from Madras, had Borg beaten. Finished. Dead. Stone-cold gone and booted out of there. Vijay won the first set in 25 minutes. He won the third set with a break in the final game, which included a rare Borg double fault. He was ahead 2-1 with serve in the fourth. When Borg broke back, Amritraj rallied again to 3-2. In the next game he had triple break point and thus a chance to serve the seventh game with a 4-2 lead. But at this crucial juncture, Borg casually nailed five outright winners past his bewildered opponent. Amritraj quietly collapsed into a tie-break, which he lost when Borg scored seven straight points, and into a fifth set, which he also lost as Borg won 2-6, 6-4, 4-6, 7-6, 6-2.

It was only the first Wednesday, remember, but Vijay said, "This man is a genius. Any man who wins a tournament four times on a surface he plays once a year is an absolute genius."

Well, Borg hadn't won it yet. There



Nervousness pleased Marx but frustrated Lloyd by beating her for the second straight year.

was still Adriano Panatta out there with his raging band of screaming Italian waiters over from the restaurants in Chelsea. There was still the dark horse, Pat Dupre from Anniston, Ala., conqueror of Gerulaitis (6-3 in the fifth set) and of Bob Lutz (8-6 in the fifth), not to mention being the husband of Darcy Dupre, whose father helped found Jack-in-the-Box. Dupre ground up Panatta and all the noisy waiters in a sizzling five-set quarterfinal but was himself ground up

by Tanner in an un-sizzling straight-set semi. By the time he was through playing 264 games at Wimbledon—10 more than Borg in one match less—Dupre was, shall we say, well done.

And, oh yes, there was still a man named Jimmy Connors. Sssshhh! That's Jimmy (The Quiet Man) Connors who, if some kind soul had handed him a honker, could have communicated a la Harpo Marx. As it was, Connors, angered by the seeding committee's decision to rank

continued

him third, elected to stay away from the players' tearoom, to pass through the locker room only to and from the courts and to say nothing to anybody, not even his good friends, the press. "Blank the press," Connors announced to a club official shortly after Borg had—once again—beaten him 6-2, 6-3, 6-2.

The one breathtaking question that went begging was why Jumbo had worn tassels—you got it, tassels—on his socks in his match against Jean-François Caujolle but not in his confrontation with Borg. Who cares? Listen, Connors needs anything he can get nowadays, what with Borg bombing him on serve (11 aces), passing him at will and making a joke out of their "rivalry" with straight-set victories on clay (Boca Raton), cement (Las Vegas) and grass (Wimbledon).

"Connors isn't the same player he was," said Ashe. "He doesn't walk around like he's going to win anymore," said McEnroe. And this was before Borg hammered Jimbo in their semifinal.

"I like Jimmy," Borg said in reply to a question while flashing his biggest smile of the week. "I'm in love with the guy." Honk if you love Bjorn, Jimbo.

Love was here, there, everywhere in the women's draw. There was mother-love: Evonne Goolagong Cawley accompanied by her infant daughter, Kelly. There was wife-love: the former Chris-



In resplendent dress uniforms, these veterans of long ago were foisted a place in the afternoon slot

tine Evert making her first appearance in the championships as the spouse of British Davis Cup player John Lloyd. There was daughter-love: defending champion Martina Navratilova in ecstasy over the arrival from Czechoslovakia of her mother, Jana, whom she had not seen since her defection in 1975. And, of course, everybody fell in love with Linda Siegel and Betty Ann Stuart, two buxom California roommates who kept popping out of their dresses and into the tabloids under headlines such as WIMBLEDON OR BUST.

Alex, the distaff side was a total bust except for two shining moments, both made possible by that old war mare, Billie Jean King. Along about sundown of Wimbledon's final day, the 35-year-old Billie Jean at long last won her 20th All-England championship (the women's doubles, in partnership with Navratilova), breaking the record she held jointly with 87-year-old Elizabeth Ryan, who had collapsed at Wimbledon 24 hours before and died on the way to a hospital.

Five days earlier, King had taken center stage in a singles quarterfinal when she found herself opposite Tracy Austin for the first time. B.J. and the Babe it was—a taut, emotional struggle that one would tend to describe as a war had not the contestants been a 16-year-old schoolgirl just out of braces and a self-described "old lady" with Frankenstein scars for knees. "Babycakes," King good-naturedly called Austin. "I want her," Austin said, sounding like a punk prizefighter, featherweight division.

Austin got all she wanted of King, who for two hours and two minutes threw every shot and stratagem she had ever learned at a youngster who hadn't even

been born when King won her first Wimbledon title. Lobs and drops, Cus and slices. Topspin, both sides, all speeds. Serve and volley stuff. Still, Austin kept banging everything back like a windup mechanical doll. Tough and steely, the kid ignored the effects of losing a second-set tie-break and falling behind 2-0, 40-30 in the third. Instead, she bore it, started running King up to the South Fields tube station and back and ultimately won the last six games and the match 6-4, 6-7, 6-2.

Austin's perpetual ground-stroking was not enough, however, in her semifinal against Navratilova, a match won by Martina 7-5, 6-1. Or was it won by Martina's mother? Sometimes it was difficult to ascertain just who was responsible for the Czech woman's victories, so intertwined were the mother and daughter in the joy of their reunion.

Austin has progressed one round for each of her three years at Wimbledon, but her lack of speed and—this time—depth kept her at a disadvantage against Martina, even when she served for the first set at 5-3. Right then Navratilova took advantage of a bad call against Austin, began attacking and won nine straight games (to 5-0 in the second set). Martina also had the patience, confidence and nerve to belt it out from the baseline, which produced a striking contrast between herself—tall and strong—and Tracy, still flutery and squeaking like a church mouse as she lunged in vain after Navratilova's power.

Afterward Martina had some unfinished business to clear up. She had defeated Evert in last year's final, yet she felt her victory was considered a fluke. And she was right. Then a few weeks



Borg put him out, but not until Jimbo signed off

ago, at Eastbourne, the two rivals played what may have been the finest women's match of the open era, a 7-5, 5-7, 13-11 victory for Mrs. Lloyd, who saved three match points.

To get to Navratilova again, Lloyd defeated Cawley 6-3, 6-2 over 62 of the longest, least inspiring minutes imaginable—"The result," one wry Englishman explained, "of marrying Englishmen."

Then, on Friday, Navratilova finally proved she is no longer the ultimate choker. Toward the ends of two sets that weren't even close—"I was never in the match," Lloyd admitted later—Navratilova served at 5-3 and was broken both times. Here, with chances to wither and fall apart, she composed herself, hit out with alarming precision and broke back in each set to win her second championship, 6-4, 6-4.

"One more time," Martina screamed to her mother in their native tongue, shortly after which Ted Tinling, the dress designer who has been observing Wimbledon for more than 50 years, called Navratilova's performance "the most powerfully dominating exhibition since Helen Wills."

Which brought everybody back to talking history again, back to 23-year-old Bjorn Borg. The fellow has now won 38 of 41 matches at the All England Club and 28 in a row, which is three short of Rod Laver's record. His four singles titles match Laver's; however, Rod's did not come in consecutive years. The Rock-et won in 1961 and 1962, then in 1968 and 1969. As a pro, he was not permitted to compete in the interval. But Borg's four straight are otherwise unprecedented because Wimbledon discarded the challenge-round system in 1922.

A true measure of Borg's achievement, however, must wait on a comparison with other individual sports and sportsmen. While Borg himself mentioned Eddy Merckx, the Belgian cyclist who won five Tour de France, probably the Swede's awesome streak in London stacks up more realistically somewhere between the stunning longevity of Muhammad Ali and the instant legend accorded Olympians Bob Beamon in Mexico City and Mark Spitz in Munich.

What, then, has Borg done? "I don't think the rest of us in tennis can even relate to four Wimbledon in a row," said Tanner.

More intriguing still, what in the world is Bjorn Borg yet to do?

TENNIS' PRINCE CHARMING

Bjorn Borg is the first player to win the singles title at Wimbledon four years in a row since Anthony F. Wilding of New Zealand did so in 1910-13. Before 1922 it was relatively easy for the champion to repeat, because he was waived through to the finals. Besides, all the best players did not necessarily go to Wimbledon in those days. Norman Brookes of Melbourne, Wilding's close friend and Davis Cup teammate (Australasia and New Zealand played as Australasia), was undoubtedly the superior talent. But did a better man ever walk upon a court than Tony Wilding? He was handsome, popular, loyal, beguiling—adored. Bookies wrote of him, "Without doubt he was one of the finest specimens of manhood I have known, one best with an ability and steadfastness of character which helped him to reach the highest pinnacle. His perpetually bright and cheery nature made him beloved by all."

Wilding had been known as Little Hercules in Christchurch, where he was born in 1883, three years after tennis came to New Zealand. He grew to six feet, a lean, Byronic figure who became the sport's first matinee idol. "The Prince Charming of tennis," Wilding was called, and then, better, "the Rupert Brooke of tennis," after the rapturous contemporary poet who wrote of love and death and "this side of Paradise." When Wilding beat the fabled California Comet, Maurice McLoughlin, in straight sets to win his fourth Wimbledon and his greatest victory, the demand for seats was so great that many women swooned in the crush and had to be "laid out on the court by the roller until they could be removed."

The next year, when Brookes broke Wilding's streak, there was a ripple of white throughout the stands as women took out their silk handkerchiefs and cried.

Wilding and Bookies were nearly invincible as a Davis Cup team, and after they won the cup for the third straight time, in 1909, no nation dared even challenge the next year. Wilding gave up cup play in 1911, but soon after the 1914 Wimbledon the two men journeyed to the U.S. in pursuit of the cup, which the U.S. had regained. They whipped the German team at Pittsburgh, playing tennis even though the Empire was already at war with the Kaiser. Then Wilding and Brookes went to Forest Hills and beat the

U.S. in the Challenge Round. The American fans—including many German sympathizers—were bitter losers and tainted the British subjects with the slogan, "England will fight to the last Frenchman." By now Wilding, who had a law practice in London, was as much a Briton as he was a New Zealander. Stung by this reflection on his honor, he defaulted from the U.S. Nationals and took the next boat back to England. He went to a friend at the Admiralty, one Winston Churchill, and secured a commission in a special armored-car squadron.

Wilding was posted to the front in Belgium, and when he earned a leave day several weeks later, Brookes and his wife, Mabel, and some friends, including the beautiful American actress Maxine Elliott, went to France to be with him. Dame Mabel later wrote of how they had met him "in Boulogne, across the English Channel, in a small dockside hotel that had that smell of new bread, tobacco, and lavender that impregnated a certain type of French hospitality...."

"Tony was leaving at dawn and after a while bade a speechless, shoulder-holding farewell to Norman. Tony looked handsome in the fatigue cap and uniform that was something like an airman's. He was fit and full of energy."

"It was barely light when I threw back the shutters and the air came in sharp with a hint of autumn. ... Tony strode out on the cobbled road, kicked his starter into action—contained, remote and lonely. He waved and wheeled out over the pavement to the bridge and, as he waved again, we never saw him again."

Seven months later, on May 15, 1915 at Neuve-Chapelle, Wilding and four others were killed instantly when an unexploded German shell rolled into a dugout they were in, his a rock and was detonated. Anthony F. Wilding was 31.

"Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to greet/Death as a friend?" Rupert Brooke had written. Only 22 days before, Brooke had died for England in the Aegean at age 27. A great deal of romance went out of the world that month, and soon Wimbledon, like everything else, was part of the modern world.

—FRANK DEFORD



ANTHONY F. WILDING

A SUMMER WINNER IN MONTREAL

After 10 years of frustration, elated Expo fans are celebrating early and often

by E. M. SWIFT

It might have been October, the way the fans were carrying on. Playoff time, World Series time, even. Summers being what they are in Montreal, it was already chilly enough. An hour after the hometown Expos had handed the Los Angeles Dodgers their 51st loss of the season—giving the defending National League champions the worst record in the league—there were still hundreds of fans inside the Olympic Stadium rotunda last Saturday toasting the Expos, leaders by 6½ games in the Eastern Division. An oompah band—five pieces, including tuba—was belting out such Bavarian favorites as *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and *Beer Barrel Polka*. The barrel, incidentally, had been rolled out to the makeshift beer garden an hour and a half before game time, and dozens of patrons, stomachs filled with Carlsberg, were now dancing polkas onto each other's feet. There was much clapping. Suddenly the band, looking snappy in green lederhosen and white knee socks, shifted into *Ein Prosit*, and plastic cups were raised in a toast. As everyone drank, the corner player led the throng in a robust *Hip, Hip, Hip, Hoorsy!* and a cheer of "We're No. 1!" rang out. Québécois who would not have used the King's English to direct a stray dog to the sausage factory were merrily chanting "We're ze No. 1!" As any Chicagoan, Bostonian or Philadelphian knows—as any American knows—no baseball team is No. 1 on July 7. But in Montreal this madness has been going on for weeks.

Forgive them their excesses. The Expos, after all, have never led their division past May 17 (which they did last year), and have never even played .500



Showing typical hustle, Montreal's Cromaris batters into Dodger Catcher Joe Ferguson to score

ball for a season—in fact, they have a 10-year record 202 games under that. There are no sour memories of pennant-drive collapses. There was something of a pennant drive in 1973, when the Expos finished 3½ games behind the Mets, but it was of the back-door variety, because the team wound up the season four games under .500. Driven by a starry-eyed faith that the team is somehow blessed, Montreal is beginning to give its heart to the Expos. The soul, of course, remains with *Les Canadiens*, its beloved hockey team, but for now this Great American Pastime is pretty good fun. Let others celebrate October in October; Montrealers will celebrate it in July. And they're right: the team is No. 1, emerging from last weekend with the best record in the league—another first. The Expos were 17 games above .500 and a phenomenal 28-7 at home. *Ein Prosit, mes amis*.

There is nothing Canadians enjoy more than beating their hullybaw big brother south of the border. "Socially and economically, Montreal is constantly competing with the U.S. in any number of areas—standard of living, oil, the dollar," says John McHale, president and general manager of the Expos. "Now it's baseball, too. The irony of beating Americans at their own game is not lost on these people. It doesn't matter that almost all our players are U.S.-born."

Last week's Dodger series brought attendance to roughly 800,000, and the Expos have hopes of drawing two million for the season. To accommodate the fans, 89% of whom are French-speaking, the Expos have two radio crews, one broadcasting in English, the other in French. Same with the club's publicity

department, Richard Griffin handling the English, Monique Giroux the French.

The Expos' change in fortune is at least partly the result of McHale taking over as general manager from Charlie Fox after last season. In his two years at that post, Fox had primarily distinguished himself by trading away Gary Roenicke and Don Stanhouse, who have helped make the Baltimore Orioles the team they are today. He also made some news by flooring his star pitcher, Steve Rogers, with a punch in the nose. It seems old-schooler Fox decided Shortstop Chris Speier needed a dressing down in front of his teammates. When player-representative Rogers took exception and ordered his general manager out of the clubhouse, the 57-year-old Fox uncorked his right.

With 36 one-run losses in 1978 and a team pinch-hitting average of .165, the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LACROIX



Expos' first priorities were relief pitching and bench strength. McHale traded Utility Infielder Stan Papi, who was 3 for 24 as a pinch hitter, to Boston for Bill Lee—l'homme de l'espace, he could be called in Montreal. Then McHale picked Elias Sosa, who was 8-2 last season as a reliever for lowly Oakland, from the free-agent market. Lee's arrival freed Woodie Fryman, a lefthanded starter last year, for the bullpen, where he has a 1.16 ERA and five saves. Sosa has nine saves and a 1.73 ERA, while the bench—bolstered by newcomers Tony Solaita and Duffy Dyer—is pinch-hitting a respectable .260. As a partial result, Montreal is 15-12 in one-run games.

However, the most important off-season acquisition has turned out to be Rodney Scott, who came from the Cubs billed as a utility infielder. But Scott ended up beating Dave Cash out of his job at second base, which, in turn, has solved the Expos' pinch-hitting problem (although \$300,000 a year is a bit steep for a man who has batted only 17 times in half a season). "To me the name of the game is defense," says Montreal Manager Dick Williams, who won a pennant at Boston and two World Series at Oakland. "Scott has much greater range than Cash. That's all there is to it. He's been the biggest difference in this team."

Offensively, Scott is hitting in the low .220s, although he leads the team in walks and has 22 stolen bases, fifth best in the league. But Williams compares him in value to Dick Green, who played second for Williams in Oakland. "Green made

Campy Campaneris a better shortstop. It's the same with Rodney."

Williams has reason to stress defense. No Expo is batting over .299 or has more than 14 home runs. As the Los Angeles teams of the mid-'60s repeatedly proved, championships can be won with pitching and defense. The Expo attack is a balanced one, with four players—Tony Perez, Gary Carter, Ellis Valentine and Andre Dawson—having between 40 and 46 RBIs. As a team the Expos are near the middle of the pack in most offensive categories. But the pitching staff has 10 shutouts—five by Rogers—and is nip and tuck with Houston for the league's best ERA. Handling Rogers and the rest of the Expo pitchers is Gary Carter, probably the best all-round catcher in the league right now. His skills are not lost on the Montreal fans. During a three-game sweep of the Phillies earlier this year (all shutouts), Carter threw out pinch runner Garry Maddox on an attempted steal in a late inning. "They gave him a one-minute standing ovation," says Williams. "Not too many catchers get one of those."

But this year all sorts of people are getting standing Os at the 60,476-seat Olympic Stadium, which, three years after the Olympics, is still under construction. By 1981, it is hoped, a retractable roof will protect the field in inclement weather. That's a far cry from quaint Jarry Park, which the Expos departed after a dismal 1976 season in which they drew only 646,704 fans.

"This is the first year we've been able to recapture the picniclike ambience of

Jarry Park," says McHale. In addition to the beer garden, the team has created a mascot named "Youppi"—approximately the French equivalent of "Yahoo." "The fans here are a little different," says Rogers, the senior Expo. "They are used to hockey games, in which something is happening about every 15 seconds—a check or a shot or something. In baseball, cheering should be anticipatory: stomping your feet with men on base, things like that. We used to have to climb on the dugouts and scream a little just to see if they were still breathing back there. But Youppi has helped a lot."

Indeed, Montreal fans recently gave Rogers a standing ovation of his own all the way through a time at bat (the count went to 3-2, too), not in anticipation but in appreciation of a no-hitter he had going against the Phillies. It was broken up in the eighth inning. (On Saturday night against the Dodgers, Rogers had another no-hitter in the eighth. Again it was broken up, but he won 2-1.) In the Phillie game the noise reverberated down off the stadium's overhanging roof, making a terrific racket.

And there's plenty of noise to come. "In the 10 years the Expos have been around," says Montreal Gazette writer Ian MacDonald, "the Canadiens have won seven Stanley Cups and the Alouettes three Grey Cups. This town had a six-year love affair with the Expos, but now they want a winner. The people are used to winners."

Now that they have a new one, don't expect them to wait around till fall to celebrate it. *Eln Prosit, mes compaiks!* **100**

Victory and Olympic Stadium have made for Olympic-sized crowds



Manager Williams has been on top before, once at Boston and twice at Oakland



FEELING RIGHT AT HOME IN SAN JUAN

Jesse Vassallo wowed them in his native land and 15-year-old Cynthia Woodhead won five gold medals as American swimmers led the way for the U.S. during a productive opening week at the Pan-American Games **by JOE MARSHALL**

The VIII Pan-American Games in San Juan, Puerto Rico have brought together 4,400 athletes representing 33 Western Hemisphere nations in 25 sports. Yet for the U.S. swimmers, whose main international rivals are East Germany and the Soviet Union, the Games promised to provide little more than a brisk workout. Nevertheless, the American showing in San Juan was closely watched by the rest of the swimming world. "What goes on here is a preview of coming attractions," said Frank Keefe of Yale, the head coach for the U.S. swimming team. "In these Games we're showcasing what we're putting together for next year in Moscow."

Considering what took place last week in San Juan's El Escambron pool, the show in Moscow should be a smash hit.

The Americans won 28 of a possible 29 gold medals, including the first 20 in a row before Anne Gagnon and Joanne Beaudard of Canada finished one-two in the 200-meter breaststroke. Of greater significance than the number of victories by the U.S., however, was the quality of the performances in those events. The Americans' 28 wins produced 28 Pan-American Games records and three world marks.

The first world record fell on the second night of the week-long competition when 15-year-old Cynthia (Sippy) Woodhead won the 200-meter freestyle in 1:58.43, .1 faster than the record she set last August at the world championships in Berlin. Later in the week 17-year-old Jesse Vassallo—who was born in Ponce, Puerto Rico but now makes his

home in Mission Viejo, Calif. and swims for the U.S.—beat Canada's Graham Smith in the 200-meter individual medley in a world-record 2:03.29. That erased the mark of 2:03.62 Smith set in Berlin while beating Vassallo. Last, and least in age at 14, came eighth-grader Mary T. Meagher (pronounced Maw-her), not only the youngest of the U.S. swimmers but also a lass who was described by her coach, Dennis Pursley, as "weak in the arms." Saturday night she whipped through the 200-meter butterfly in 2:09.77, .1 better than the record held jointly by teammate Tracy Caulkins and East Germany's Andrea Pollack.

The U.S. swimmers were at the forefront of an American gold rush that began on the first morning of competition with a triumph in roller skating,

continued





Vassallo, who now lives in California, broke the world record in the 200-meter individual medley.



Jesse's uncle supplied the T-shirts and his mother (lower right, hands raised) led all the cheers.



PAN-AM GAMES • Interview

a new sport for the Games. By the end of the first of two weeks of competition, the U.S. had won 72 gold medals, 28 more than its closest rival, Cuba. This was not unexpected. In the seven previous Games, which have been held in the year preceding the Olympics since 1951, Americans had won 58% of the gold medals. As usual, the U.S. sent the largest contingent—714 athletes, coaches and team officials—to Puerto Rico. Among the principal surprises of the first week was the strong showing of a U.S. women's gymnastics team that had expected to be shut out because most of the leading U.S. performers had remained at home. Led by 13-year-old Jackie Cavello of Silver Spring, Md., who won a gold in the vault and a silver in the uneven bars, the U.S. women won five medals—two gold and three silver.

But the highlights of the week was the emotional display touched off by Vassallo's record and his earlier win in the 400-meter IM. Vassallo moved from Puerto Rico six years ago at the age of 11, but he remains a national hero. He wanted to swim for the Puerto Rican Olympic team in 1976, but Puerto Rican officials

said that to be eligible he would have to come back home to train for the year preceding the Games. Reasoning that the facilities and coaching were better in the United States, he decided to stay put.

Vassallo missed making the 1976 U.S. Olympic team in the 400-meter IM by two seconds, but a month after Montreal he won the national AAL championship in that event. He hasn't been beaten in it since. When he subsequently competed for America in an international event, in effect he established his swimming citizenship in the U.S. Not surprisingly, Puerto Rico has now changed its policy, which explains why Jesse's older brother, Victor, who also lives in Mission Viejo, was swimming for Puerto Rico in the Pan-American Games.

To welcome Jesse back to his native land last week, his uncle Salvador spent \$6,000 for 2,000 yellow T-shirts with VASSALLO printed in large red block letters across the chest. In smaller letters just below were the words PUERTO RICO. The shirts were given out to family and friends, who created a large and distinctive cheering section every time Jesse swam. They sat with quiet pride when Vassallo mounted the victory stand fol-

continued

Woodhead was termed America's most valuable swimmer by a Soviet coach on a scouting mission.



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lowing his 400-meter IM win. After the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* to signify the American victory, the Vassallo cheering section began clapping in unison. Then, spontaneously, the fans rose and began to sing the Puerto Rican national anthem, *La Borinqueña*. From inside his sweat suit Vassallo suddenly produced a small Puerto Rican flag and waved it. The cheers became thunderous.

The youthful women's team, which dominated last year's world championships after an older squad had been all but shut out of gold medals in Montreal, was getting its first exposure to an athletes' village. In Puerto Rico the swimmers lived nine to an apartment in a low-income housing project that had been abandoned in an unfinished state three years ago but had been refurbished for the Games. Because of the volatile political atmosphere—a fear that the controversy over Puerto Rican independence might produce disruptions—the compound was surrounded by high fences and armed guards. The women's housing, as usual, was off limits to the men, and was separated from the rest of the complex by barbed wire. Understandably, this contributed to village boredom, which probably explains why a group of American male athletes was scolded by security guards after dropping water bombs on other competitors.

Woodhead led the way for the U.S. women with five gold medals, including those for two freestyle legs on relays and victories in the 100, 200 and 400 freestyles. In the 400 she went head to head with Caulkins, who may drop the breaststroke before Moscow and concentrate instead on longer freestyle events. Caulkins, 16, holds the American records in both the 100- and 200-meter breaststrokes and, therefore, almost always swims that stroke in medley relays. When she lost the 100 breaststroke in San Juan to Tami Paumier, who was a week shy of her 16th birthday, Caulkins appeared to be relieved by the emergence of another American breaststroker. Paumier, on the other hand, seemed embarrassed by her upset and quickly apologized to Caulkins.

"You can learn to hate a stroke," said Tom Caulkins, Tracy's father, later that evening, noting that his daughter hadn't been working much on her breaststroke lately. Meanwhile, Tracy's new coach,

Don Talbot, confirmed that Caulkins' entry in the 400 free, her first race at that distance in international competition, was a way of testing the water for a possible move to the long-distance freestyle events. Because of that experiment Caulkins was on the sidelines for the 200 fly when Meagher broke Tracy's shared world record.

Talbot didn't expect his pupil to beat Woodhead, but he did hope she could swim the distance in less than 4:13. She didn't, finishing second in 4:16.13, more than five seconds behind. Afterward, Caulkins, who won four golds in San Juan, indicated she would give the event another try at the national championships in Fort Lauderdale in August. Meanwhile, Woodhead's effort was being praised by Keefe, who attributed her success to hard work. "She'll train until she drops," he said. "Back on June 15 at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, I had to send her to bed for a day and a half because she had worked so hard she was totally exhausted and couldn't swim anymore. She goes at everything hard."

Woodhead also won the admiration of Sergei Vaitsekhovski, the head swimming coach for the U.S.S.R., who was in San Juan on a scouting trip. Speaking in German, Vaitsekhovski noted Woodhead's smallish 5'5", 123-pound frame and praised her for her character and spirit. He also compared her favorably to Caulkins, the 1978 Sullivan Award winner and America's best-known swimmer

these days. Caulkins, he felt, was unbeatable in only one of the Olympic events, the

400 IM. Woodhead, on the other hand, had proved herself a match for East Germany's renowned Barbara Krause—the world-record holder in the 100-meter free and the former world leader in the 200 free—and could also supply blistering anchor legs in the relays. For this reason, he called Woodhead America's most valuable swimmer.

Vaitsekhovski was asked if he had come to San Juan to study the organization of the Games to see what the Russians might pick up for next year. He shook his head in disdain. "We know how to organize the Olympics," he said. "That's easy. What we must learn is how to beat the Americans in swimming."

As the Americans demonstrated last week, that's not so easy.

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DON'T KICK SAND IN HIS FACE

Cut by the Vikings as a washed-up 222-pound weakling, Alan Page is one lean and mighty man for Chicago

by E. M. SWIFT

I feel like I have played in a very tough football game with no biting above the waist

—ALAN PAGE—3:57:39

GRANDMA'S MARATHON START reads the banner strung from two birch trees and flapping over Old Highway 61, which follows Lake Superior southwest to Duluth, Minn. No buildings are to be seen, only birch trees and pine, on this particular stretch of Old 61, which happens to be 26 miles and 385 yards from Grandma's Saloon & Deli. Behind the banner some 1,700 runners are milling in rows of yellow and red and blue. Then the gun sounds on this chilly Saturday morning in late June, and the runners begin to bounce forward, hunching up in caterpillar fashion. The ones in the rear whoop in their excitement and they surge up on those ahead of them.

Alan Page—well-muscled and 6' 3"—slows to avoid a collision with another runner. He is in a gray T shirt, black shorts and a white cycling cap that is smudged with rust where the sweat has soaked through to his "Kennedy '80" button. His wife Diane, slender in the manner of distance runners, is just ahead of him, wearing blues and greens, also be-capped and Kennedied. It is a full minute before they pass beneath the starting banner, and another minute before they are able to gain their normal stride. There. Now run, Alan, run.

At 33 Alan Page is looking forward to a football season. Behind him are those last stale years with the Minnesota Vikings, a time his wife calls "Alan's grumpy period." Behind him is last October's bitter parting, when the Vikings unceremoniously placed the eight-time All-Pro defensive lineman on irrevocable waivers; he subsequently signed with the Chicago Bears. Behind him are law school, four Super Bowl losses and the stormy period when he picketed and ca-joled for players' rights. Page is wearing a beard now. He is healthy. And he is playing for a team that does things, well, a little more rationally than was done in the frozen Northland. "One of the first things I learned with Chicago," says Page, "is that you don't have to be cold to play football." Indeed, the Bears allow heaters on the sidelines when the mercury starts to retreat into its bulb.

As Page prepares for his 13th training camp—his first with the Bears—he wears the varied hats of a Minneapolis attorney, of pro football's most prominent marathoner, and of Chicago's best defensive lineman. He is also armed with a new two-year contract that will pay him substantially more than the \$100,000-plus he earned last season. "Not too bad for a guy who they said couldn't play anymore," Page says.

That is what Bud Grant, the Vikings' coach, maintained last Oct. 10 when he broke the news to a shocked Minnesota

press that Page, who had started 160 consecutive games for the Vikings, had been released. "Alan can no longer meet the standard he set for himself," Grant said at the time. "He just can't make the plays anymore."

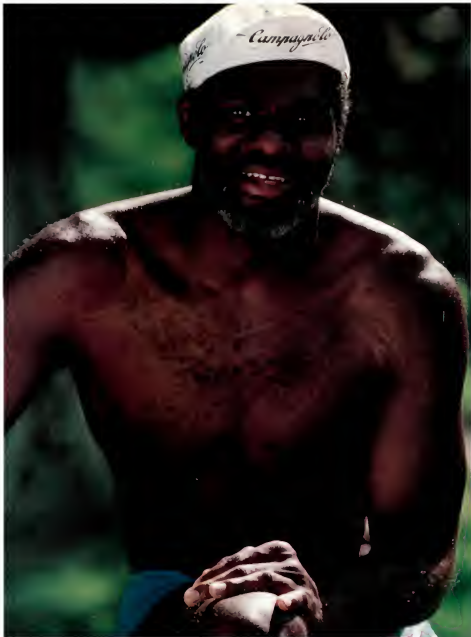
It was widely reported that Page's weight—through running, he trimmed down from 245 pounds to the 222 he weighs today—was a major factor in the alleged erosion of his skills. Grant said as much when pressed to defend his decision: "Here is a man we had to take out in short-yardage situations, who was not strong enough to rush the passer. He averaged 10 tackles a game for years, and now he was down to one or two. He was not doing the job."

Although Page had also weighed 222 in 1977, when he tied for the club lead in tackles (109), most members of the Twin Cities press did not take Grant to task over this small point. If Grant said Page was through, then he was through. "In Minnesota, Bud Grant is like Mom and apple pie and the flag," Diane Page says. "It's fun to be able to sit back now and call him a turkey."

Because this time the old gobbler was wrong. There was still a lot of football left in Page, who had been the NFL's Most Valuable Player in 1971—the only defensive player ever to win the award. And the Bears, whose general manager (Jim Finks), coach (Neill Armstrong) and defensive coordinator (Buddy Ryan) had all been in Minnesota with Page, knew it. They paid the waiver price of \$100,000. "A hundred dollars more than the Vikings deserved," says Page, who responded by melding an inexperienced, injury-beset line into a strong, proud unit.

continued

Bud Grant contended that the trimmed-down Page wasn't strong enough to rush NFL passers





Attorney Page ran into a pair of Pittsby heavyweights when he went to court in Minneapolis.

Though playing in only 10 games at right tackle, Page led the Bears in sacks (11½) and was tied for second among linemen in tackles with 50. Chicago's defense surged from 22nd in the NFL to 12th, passing, among other teams, the Vikings, who dropped to 14th.

Page's presence was most felt in rushing the passer. His quickness is legend; in fact, Page is credited with pioneering the technique whereby a defensive lineman watches the snap of the ball rather than the reaction of the blocker opposite him. "Alan wires himself into that ball, and when it moves, he knocks," Ryan says.

Page's weight is simply not an issue in Chicago. One of the things that persuaded Page to join the Bears, rather than strike a deal with another team, was that Finks told Page that he wanted him to stay exactly as he was. "Alan knows better than I do when he's effective and when he's not," Finks says. Page has always demanded no more than to be treated as an individual—nor has he accepted less. He hated what he viewed as the regimentation of football in Minnesota under Grant. He hates labels—like "Purple People Eaters," as the Vikings' defensive line of Carl Eller, Jim Marshall, Gary Larsen and Page was dubbed in its

heyday. "I am not purple and I don't eat people," Page would say.

"One thing I have learned," says Finks, "is that whatever Alan Page tells you he is going to do, he will do. If he tells you he will run a marathon, he will run it. If he tells you he will go to law school, he will do it. When he told me he wanted to play three more years, that was good enough for me. Because he is an honest person. Honest with himself. That's very refreshing in this business."

The worst part about it was the mile markers. They could have skipped that. I missed the first couple, and after that I saw every one. When they wouldn't show up I'd go bonkers.

The leaders bound gracefully, springing like deer, their feet touching lightly. As they approach, there is no sense of speed, only of smoothness. Their effortless strides cut through distance in a great hurry, and they rush past and away. Behind them, the other runners are packed in broken rows, stretching out for a mile or more. Diane Page passes first, taking short, determined strides. A hundred yards back, her husband, paced by Don Knutson, a friend from Minneapolis, has slowed to an eight-minute-mile pace. His

feet flip outward as he runs, and he comments to Don that after three miles he is not yet warm.

Two days before the marathon, Alan Page, attorney, had appeared in court for the second time—his first time out was in small claims. A graduate of the University of Minnesota Law School, where he studied from 1975 to '78 while playing with the Vikings, Page passed the bar exam in February, on his second try, and joined the large Minneapolis firm of Lindquist and Vennum. His name is dead last on the long list on the door, painted at about knee level. In the bluntly worded release announcing Page's hiring, one of the senior partners wrote, "We don't hire jocks. He is coming to our firm as a new young lawyer who is a superb human being."

In court Page wore a double-breasted blue suit and a thin bow tie that looked too small beneath his large, handsome face. He took a seat in the back of the courtroom, waiting for his case to be called, and as he looked over his notes, another attorney introduced himself. "Good to have you in the profession, Mr. Page. Hope I never have a case against you, though. You might take it out on me physically."

Page took no offense, despite the implication that he would lose this fellow's hypothetical case, and, a few minutes later, Line 6 was called by the clerk of the court. Page went before the bench, followed by two lawyers for the plaintiff—the Pillsbury Company. "The big guns," Page whispered.

Line 6 was Pillsbury Company v. Southern Railway System. Pillsbury alleged that some \$640 worth of its merchandise had been damaged somewhere between Illinois and Tennessee, and that Southern Railway was responsible. The small amount of loss claimed was misleading, because this was a case that might set a precedent. Southern, which does not operate or own a railway line in Minnesota, where Pillsbury has its headquarters, had hired Lindquist and Vennum to present a motion to the effect that the state of Minnesota had no business hearing the case in the first place. Lindquist and Vennum had selected Alan Page from its long list of attorneys to present said motion. Pillsbury sent a pair of heavyweights to court, one being its senior attorney. "You could feel the building sink when they came in,"

was the way Page, who had not anticipated that much opposing firepower, put it.

"Good morning, Your Honor, my name is Alan Page," he began. It was the first time he had ever directly addressed a court, and he was nervous. His voice cracked once; he paused, then referred briefly to his notecard. Soon he began to relax. Slipping his notes behind his back, Page presented Southern's position easily and forcefully, spicing his argument with legalese, citing Statute 49 USC 11707D as casually as if it were a maneuver out of a playbook. When Page had finished, John H. Allen, Pillsbury's senior counsel, rose and droned on for a while, and then the judge said he would have to ponder the matter and would stay in touch. (Later, he ruled that the case could be argued in Minnesota.)

Outside the courtroom, Allen approached Page timidly. "My son wanted to come down today," he said. "Not to see me. To get your autograph."

The other attorney for Pillsbury had thus far been silent, but now he made a football-player-turned-lawyer sally. "My boss told me to keep things verbal. If I had said anything I would have prefaced it with, 'Your Honor, I bring this up with great trepidation. . . .' Later, the attorney suggested that the judge might give the case more careful consideration because of Page's presence. "There are not only two big companies involved in a precedent-setting case," he said. "There's a celebrity." Finally, he added, "I'd rather go up against anybody else in town than Alan Page on his first case."

Page took exception to that remark. "I'm not sure that's true about my name helping in Minnesota," he said. "The only thing I can do is downplay it and let the judge handle it as best he can. Once the novelty is gone, I hope I'm just judged as another warm body."

The excitement of his first courtroom confrontation stayed with Page as he walked back to his offices on the 42nd floor of the IDS Center, the tallest building in Minneapolis. Page had gone to law school because he felt financially trapped by football. By 1975 he was no longer playing by choice, but from need. Now, after three hectic years of classes, study sessions, football practices and games, Page had that freedom of choice again. And more. Still basking in the afterglow of his performance, he said, "What I like about this profession is that it gives you

the opportunity to speak, to present yourself, to persuade."

What most interests Page is labor law, on which he estimates he spends 98% of his time. Among his first clients were a union representing nurses and another representing factory workers. Page got a taste of collective bargaining in 1974, when he was an active member of the Executive Council of the NFL Players Association. That summer Page picketed outside Northwestern's Doyne Stadium, where the College All-Stars were practicing. He carried a placard that read **PEOPLE, NOT PROPERTY** and wore a T shirt with a clenched fist on the front, enclosed by the slogan **NO FREEDOM, NO FOOTBALL**. He was trying—successfully, as it turned out—to get the All-Stars to strike the annual July game against the Super Bowl champions, that year the Miami Dolphins, in order to put pressure on the owners to meet contract demands. As the picketers' unofficial spokesman, Page addressed the College All-Stars about the need for unity. Ironically, Finks, who was then with the NFL's Management Council, addressed the same group the following morning, emphasizing the need to play the game. "They took a vote, and I came in second," Finks recalls.

Anyone who tells you there is such a thing as a flat marathon course is lying through his teeth.

A railway trestle bridges the road at the eight-mile point. The road turns sharply there and rises. A great baritone voice sounds off the metal of the trestle: "You've got to run that lonesome valley; you've got to run it by yourself. Nobody else can run it for you. . . ."

Knutson tells Page to save his strength. They are still running easily, slightly under an eight-minute pace now. It has been all uphill, Page swears. Knutson smiles tolerantly. They pass two teen-age spectators, and as the runners pad away, one says, "You can't miss Alan Page in this crowd."

"He looks thin," says the second.

"Did you see how gray his beard was? It's mostly gray."

His friend nods. "No wonder the Vikings released him."

At the beginning of the 1978 season, the Vikings named Bob Holloway as their new defensive coordinator, replacing Armstrong, who had joined Finks in Chi-

cago. Holloway made some major changes in strategy designed to stop the run, against which the Vikings had always been weak. Instead of bursting into the backfield, the defensive linemen would now control their blockers, detect where the play was flowing, then react. "The first day he put it on the board," Page says, "I told Jim Marshall I doubted I would ever make another play. It was a retreat to the old days of Abe Gbron or what have you, when they said, 'Here's a tract of territory, defend it.' For me to stand around and do battle with people is a waste of time and of energy. But I went along with it. And though I didn't really play very well, statistically I was still the best lineman they had."

True. At the time of his release, "based strictly on performance," Page had two of the Vikings' six blocked kicks and led all linemen in unassisted tackles with 15. For weeks there had been persistent rumors that the Vikings wanted to trade Page, but on Oct. 10, the trading deadline, Minnesota General Manager Mike Lynn steadfastly maintained that he had not made any deal. That was correct. The

continued

Client outran her husband in the marathon



Vikings simply gave Alan Page away.

"Bud got hold of Alan around five o'clock," Diane Page says. Alan, who does not often interrupt, does so now. "It was 6:37. Bud told me he had released me at four. He said I probably knew the rules regarding waivers better than he did. He said, 'We started out together 12 years ago, and I hate to end it this way, but...'" Page pauses. "After 12 years they fired me over the phone. That hurt a little bit." Page had gone to the Vikings in 1967 straight from an undefeated national championship team at Notre Dame. Grant arrived in Minnesota the same year.

The morning after Page was released, it was almost as if he had never played for the Vikings. Jim Marshall and Doug Sutherland, whose lockers had been on either side of Page's for years, now found themselves next to each other. Page's nametag had been taken down, all his equipment had been removed, and everyone else had been moved one over. "That's not the usual procedure," Page

says. "Usually there's just an empty locker." Bobby Bryant and Carl Eller returned most of Page's personal items to him that afternoon. The Vikings sent the rest by parcel post.

"Every time I turned on the TV, there was Bud Grant telling people I was through," Page says. "Would you pick up a guy after his coach of 12 years tells you he can't make the plays? Plus being 33? Plus my salary? Plus my union activities? I had a lot of strikes against me."

When Eller heard the news, he said, "I don't think Grant is going strictly on what's happening on the field. If they want to get rid of a player, I wish they would just come out and say so."

Grant and Page had had their problems last year. In August, the coach fined him \$50 for being late for a team meeting. When the fine was taken out of his paycheck, Page, who is the type of man who will take a parking violation to court, countered by filing a grievance with the Players Association. Then he filed a second grievance, charg-

ing that Grant had not given the Vikings the required 24 hours off during a particular work week. "It's a two-way street," Page said. "If the club is going to pull the book out to fine a player, let them follow the book to the letter." Both grievances are still pending.

The last straw may have been this: In the Vikings' fourth game of the season, which happened to be against the Bears, Grant substituted Duck White for Page midway through the second quarter. Page started the second half, but before the third quarter was over he was benched in favor of White a second time, without explanation. With two minutes left in the game, Sutherland was injured. One of the assistant coaches signaled Page to go back in, and Page, who had not seen Sutherland go down, replied moodily. "What for?" Then he reached for his helmet. Grant put his arm out to stop him, and sent in another replacement for Sutherland.

Following that incident, a Minnesota writer asked Page how players could be

While plotting alongside Lake Superior, Page concluded that "anyone who tells you there is such a thing as a flat marathon course is lying through his teeth."



disciplined if the system of fines was abolished. Page responded, "If a player isn't responsible and doesn't live up to the rules and regulations, a coach should ship the player out."

Eight days later, Grant did just that.

The bitter episode is not without its ludicrous denouement. A month after his departure, Page returned to Minnesota for a game against his former teammates. Much of the pregame interest centered on Page, and whether he was seeking revenge. "You'd have to be silly to go through all you have to go through in pro football just to get some revenge," Page said. "But I'm going to prove them wrong."

The Vikings won 17-14. Page played well, making five unassisted tackles and forcing a fumble. Yet afterward, the Viking coaches awarded a game ball to Chuck Goodrum, the offensive guard who had played opposite Page. Asked if he felt he had played particularly well, Goodrum said, "Nope." And Page? He responded to this final bit of effrontery with some cold logic: "Why did they give the game ball to someone who blocked me. If I was so bad they had to let me go in the first place?"

Human beings can't remember pain.

That's the only reason people run marathons again, or have babies again.

—DRANE PAGE—3:26:01

"Water! E.R.G.! Water! E.R.G!" The girls at the water station 17 miles out are holding two cups to a hand, calling at the runners, who are struggling now in twos and threes. The road sinks here. The runners come downhill into the station and leave uphill, a cool wind cutting across from the lake. The runners kick at the cups with tired feet, and the cups make a hollow, musical noise across the asphalt. Alan Page comes in just behind Knutson. "I'm hurting," he says. There is no smile. He takes off his soggy gray T shirt and puts on a dry one, then pours two cups of water over his head.

"Water! E.R.G! Water! E.R.G." He splashes the more cups of water on his face, then drinks one. He is walking. Knutson coaxes him on, and Page tells him to go ahead.

"I can't relax while I'm running," he says. He reaches down and touches the road with his palms. His fresh T shirt is already soaked through. "This was fun while it lasted."

"Come on," says Knutson. "I'm not leaving you."

"I don't want to feel like you're dragging me."

"I'm not letting you stop."

Page walks part way up the hill, then he nods and breaks into a trot.

Run, Alan, run.

Run, Abe, run was the cry from George Halas 21 years ago as the Bears' founder and owner watched the hefty Gibron grunting toward the tape during training camp. Gibron was a lineman who weighed 290 pounds, and Halas had told him he would not receive a contract until he shed 40 pounds and could run a mile in under six minutes. In his first 10 miles, Gibron fell victim to a swift early pace and walked down the homestretch. The 11th time he made it.

Halas was ahead of his time. The stereotype of the football lineman demands gargantuan size. Beef. If a player is good at 225, he will be better at 250. Why?

Page points out that Muhammad Ali fought at about 222 in his prime, which is what Page now weighs. At his present 250, Ali in trunks is absurd; indeed, he says he has retired. Why does a lineman need speed and stamina any less than a boxer? Why was beefy Buster Mathis never champion of the world?

Shortly after the Vikings released Page, ostensibly because his reduced weight had become detrimental to his performance, a Minnesota physician, F. Douglas Whiting, wrote a letter to *The Minneapolis Star* in which he said, "The notion that heavier football players are better football players dies hard...." He stated that performance correlated with maximum lean body weight (muscle, bones, gristle) and not total body weight, which includes fat. He cited studies by Dr. Donald Cooper, team physician for Oklahoma State, that showed an athlete's speed and endurance improved when he shed fat pounds, with no loss of strength. Whiting suggested that Page would be as effective with 40 extra pounds of fat on his body as he would with 40 pounds of pig iron hanging from him.

Diane Page is especially fond of this letter. It is Diane, after all, who is responsible for launching the trimmer Page. Two years ago she gave up smoking, and to occupy her lungs she took up jogging. Alan went along to keep her company. Soon the pastime became a passion. "Running is one of the few

things for which I have jumped on the bandwagon," he says. "I'm not much of a joiner."

There is a lovely string of lakes near their Minneapolis home. They trained for the marathon by running around them, 60 to 70 miles a week. But Page will probably cut down to 30 miles or less once the football season begins. The house, which the Pages designed, is filled with modern furniture, with an emphasis on the practical. Four children are about: Nina, 11, and Georgianna, 9, from Page's first marriage, and Justin, 4, and Khamzin, 2, from his marriage to Diane. The large kitchen-breakfast room is the center of the home. Diane, a free-lance marketing consultant, has taped a handwritten note to the refrigerator—"Life is a comedy for those who think, and a tragedy for those who feel." On one wall is a Warhol silkscreen of Chairman Mao, the thinker. Opposite it hangs his silkscreen of Marilyn Monroe, a woman of feeling.

Diane Page looks at her husband with open pride. "Alan feels very good about Alan," she says. "I don't know anybody else who feels quite that way."

Alan, what was going through your mind as you saw the finish line?

"Not much by then."

The final six miles are within the Duluth city limits. Parts of the city are quite nice, but not the waterfront, with its warehouses and railroad tracks along the docks where iron ore is unloaded. The marathoners weave through heavy traffic, grimacing as they breathe exhaust fumes. It is downhill through here, and the pace has picked up as they race to bring the incessant pounding to an end. Alan has been at it nearly four hours.

"Come onnnn, Alan!" The crowd recognizes him, and the applause begins. He is alone now, having sent Knutson ahead after 20 miles. Diane has finished. She is wearing a hefty garbage bag to keep warm. "I don't think any of us have any idea what it's like to carry 222 pounds that distance," she says.

"Come onnnn, Alan!" The applause grows louder. He is running more easily now, though he is clearly unhappy. "Bring it in, Alan. You can catch them!"

He cannot catch them. He is 1,113th. Still, he straightens a little and picks up the pace, his feet flipping lightly to the side.

Run, Alan, Run!

END

THE GOOD HANDS MAN

Chiropractor Leroy Perry has won ardent support among top athletes with methods that mystify and annoy M.D.s

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Alberto Juantorena of Cuba, the Olympic gold-medal winner in the 400 and 800 meters at Montreal, was slowed to a painful lope this spring by aches that doctors could neither diagnose nor cure. On May 6, Juantorena, who had lost only one 400 since 1976, was third in that event at the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational, 1.94 off his personal best of 44.26. Several days later, on the eve of the Norman Manley Games in Kingston, Jamaica, Juantorena was in such agony that he was forced to withdraw.



A few hours before the meet was to start, Juantorena conferred with Dr. Leroy Perry of Pasadena, a chiropractor. After a brief examination, Dr. Perry offered a diagnosis: "Because of weak

gluteus maximus, the hamstrings became overdominant, resulting in compensation in the lower back. This created lower-back spasm, which produced nerve pressure." He also offered a treatment, a kinetic therapy technique to relax Juantorena's hamstrings and lower back. Then he readjusted the runner's posture to change weight distribution, and offered suggestions on a more relaxed running style.

When the session was over, Juantorena felt so good he entered the 400. Sweeping around the track with his powerful long stride fully restored, the 6' 3" Juantorena crossed the finish line first in a respectable 45.77.

When the race was over, El Cabaño jogged loosely along the track, searching for Perry in the crowd. And then, smiling hugely, he embraced the stocky American and hoisted him up for all to see.

Displays of this sort are rare where doctors are concerned, but Juantorena and Cuban sports authorities were so impressed with Perry's work in Jamaica that he was given an of-

ficial invitation to visit Cuba and work more wonders. He now has State Department clearance and soon will spend two weeks in Cuba teaching his sports-medicine concepts to athletes, trainers and officials. Similar offers have come from other nations, including Japan, Jamaica, Venezuela and Trinidad. One country whose athletic Establishment has not sought out Perry's expertise is the U.S. The reason is that the chiropractic profession is ill-regarded by organized American M.D.s. Consequently, Perry is not just avoided by sports-medicine commissions in this country but he is also shunned.

Nevertheless, Perry's list of satisfied patients is impressive. Among them are world-class runners Henry Rono, Francie Larrieu, Patti Van Wolvelaere and James Gilkes as well as Juantorena; high jumper Dwight Stones; National Football Leagueers past (Ales Kurras) and present (Ricky Bell); track and field coaches Jumbo Elliott (Villanova), Vern Wolfe (USC) and Payton Jordan (Stanford); weightmen Mac Wilkins, Al Feuerbach, Jay Silverster, John Powell and George Woods; javelin thrower Sam Colson and discus thrower Jan Svendsen; as well as such luminaries as Arnie Robinson (long jump), Bruce Jenner (decathlon) and Harvey

continued



Applying manipulative techniques, Perry stretches runner Francie Larrieu into upper back relaxation (far left). The wrestling hold on Dwight Stones (center) will end the high jumper's flexibility. Sprinter Harvey Glendon undergoes a strength test (left), while skull massage and inguina ecupressure ease tensions for runner Henry Rono and javelin thrower Kate Schmidt. The huggy move by Pitcher Jim Palmer (above) is designed to test his abdominal muscles.

Glance (sprints); skier Suzy Chaffee; tennis player Stan Smith; pentathlete Jane Frederick; and baseball players Rick Monday, Don Sutton and Jim Palmer; not to mention patients from the ranks of the obscure, like George Lynfield Throop III, pitcher for the Houston Astros.

Late last year, the U.S. Olympic Athletes' Advisory Council voted unanimously that the USOC include doctors of chiropractic on all international and Olympic teams and that they be included on the Sports Medicine Committee. A subsequent news release by these athletes reported that "On Feb. 10, the USOC Executive Board, under the advisement of Dr. Irving Dardik, chairman of the Sports Medicine Council, rejected the endorsement. In light of this decision, the athletes feel that the USOC is not being responsive to their needs."

To further display their regard for chiropractors in general, and Perry in particular, several athletes—Jim Woolley (judo), Kate Schmidt (javelin), sprinter Steve Williams and weightlifter Bruce Wilhelm—made one more effort. At their own expense, they set up press conferences in Manhattan and Houston to publicize their campaign on Perry's behalf.

Woolley said, "We want future generations of athletes to be able to get the chiropractic care they might need so they can achieve their goals. It was stymieing for us, psychologically and physically, to be told we couldn't get the chiropractic care we needed and we want to be sure others get it. The Juanterena episode proved what we've been saying for a long, long time."

Given its traditional stand on chiropractors, it is not surprising that the medical Establishment ignored this appeal. It is ironic, however, that one of the M.D.s' own, Dr. George A. Sheehan, the cardiologist-runner, wrote in his book, *Running and Being*: "Physicians who handle emergencies with élan, who dive fearlessly into abdomens for bleeding aneurysms, who think nothing of managing cardiac arrest and heart failure, who miraculously resemble accident victims, are helpless when confronted with an ailing athlete. They are even less able to counsel the athlete and [answer] his never-ending questions about health." The athlete, Sheehan concludes, is "medicine's most difficult patient."

If that is so, and if it is true that Perry has helped all those athletes, and that they want him, why is there such vehem-

ent opposition to him? The key, of course, is chiropractic, a word derived from the Greek for "effective hand." The American Chiropractic Association defines chiropractic as "that science and art which utilizes the inherent recuperative powers of the body, particularly the spinal column and the nervous system, in the restoration and maintenance of health." The theory is that if the spine and nerves are functioning properly, and if the vertebrae and bones of the body are kept aligned, then the body should be able to maintain its own health.

Chiropractors—there are 18,000 in the U.S., compared with 420,000 M.D.s—say they perform a "drugless, nonsurgical healing art." The American Medical Association has quite a different opinion. In 1963 the AMA established a Committee on Quackery, which drafted a resolution in that same year, stating, "It is the position of the medical profession that chiropractic is an unscientific cult whose practitioners lack the necessary training and background to diagnose and treat human disease."

Eight years later, the Committee on Quackery reported that since formulating its resolution it "has considered its prime mission to be, first, the containment of chiropractic, and, ultimately, the elimination of chiropractic." And while the AMA hasn't attained that goal, the two medical disciplines continue to eye each other warily. The feud has now reached the lawsuit stage in three states. That accounts in part for the mixed reception accorded Perry.

Perry's foray into sport began in 1973, after he had graduated from the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic and began practicing in Pasadena. Tracy Sundlin, former assistant track and field coach at USC, recalls the introduction, "I was coaching the La Jolla track club," he says. "One of our girls, Kathy Lawson, whose father is a chiropractor, was hurting and wanted to see a chiropractor. I had come to the conclusion that what an athlete wanted in health care, the athlete should be able to get. When we went to Perry, I told him, 'I don't trust chiropractors. I'll give you one chance.' Kathy said he helped her, but I felt some of the stuff he used was hokey. He talked about 'applied kinesiology' and it all seemed to make no sense. But soon I was bringing the whole team to him regularly.

"The first time I took runners to him was in the winter of '74. I took Patti Van Wolveelar and Kathy when we were on our way to Pocatello for a meet. He muscle-balanced both girls. In Pocatello, Patti ran a world-record 13.2 for the indoor 100-meter hurdles and Kathy tied the American 100-yard-dash record."

Says Alex Karras, the defensive tackle turned actor, whose father was a neurosurgeon: "Ten years ago, while playing football, I got a neck injury. I also banged up my right knee. For 12 years I couldn't totally fix it. Doctors operated on my knee and told me, 'You've got arthritis. There's not much we can do.'"

"My neck problem became chronic. I can't say how many doctors I saw and how much money I spent trying to get rid of my dizziness and pain. Nobody helped. Doctors said I had been banged up so much that, in essence, I had become panicky. The neck got so bad that it hurt my work and my life. I had brain scans. I was going crazy. I was pathetic.

"Then I heard about Dr. Perry. So I saw the Little Rat, which is what I call him. First, he worked on my knee. After one adjustment the knee was fine and I've been able to flex it ever since. The Great Mystic, as I also call Leroy, X-rayed me and found a crushed vertebra was cutting off some blood to my brain. He's given me adjustments and now my neck feels better than it has in 10 years."

Among Perry's tools is kinetic therapy, which utilizes eight different muscle-balancing techniques, one of which is acupressure. Acupressure is similar to acupuncture but the fingertips are substituted for needles.

But undoubtedly his most unusual procedure is what he calls "Muscle Reactive Testing," which helps an athlete achieve his legitimate strength potential. He demonstrated it in the trainer's room at an indoor meet in Albuquerque last February. Lying on a rubbing table was a Swedish discus thrower. Perry had alleviated the athlete's pain, and then, at the request of a trainer, demonstrated Muscle Reactive Testing.

Perry asked the athlete, who was lying on his back, to raise one leg and then the other, and to "resist as much as you can" when Perry applied downward pressure. With more than a little effort, Perry forced each leg to the table. Then he lightly massaged his patient an inch above the navel, on the outer mid-thighs and on the inner mid-knees.

continued

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The athlete again was asked to raise one leg at a time and resist. Up went the left leg. Perry, a former high school wrestler who weighs 170, could not lower the leg until he applied so much pressure that both his feet were off the ground. The same was true when Perry pressed on the right leg.

"Did you feel any difference?" he asked.

"Yes," said the discus man. "I had much more strength."

In the final phase of the process, Perry massaged the patient at the base of his spine and on the middle of his thighs. This time when the athlete's legs were raised and resistance applied, Perry forced one leg and then the other to the table with two fingers.

It was this Muscle Reactive Testing that Wilkins received from Perry in 1976 before he broke the discus world record three times at the San Jose Invitational. But even Perry admits that "Muscle Reactive Testing is almost too theoretical. No one can explain how it works or why a person gets added strength from it for a short time. I use it mainly to show how little we understand about the body. I teach this and other techniques to some of my patients and give them specific exercise programs to build up their weak areas so they can prevent further problems." Doctors of chiropractic believe that educating the patient is one of the most important aspects of health care. Proper posture, exercise and nutrition are stressed.

"From the point of view of the athletes, Dr. Perry has made fantastic progress in both healing and prevention," says Dr. David Martin, an exercise physiologist and an associate professor of allied health sciences at Georgia State University. "Traditionally, the view of medicine has been remedial rather than preventive, but Dr. Perry is placing great emphasis on the latter. There are physicians who say, 'I don't understand what he's doing.' Because they don't understand all that Perry does, they knock him. But the truth is that some of those same doctors don't understand what other medical doctors are doing."

The petition requesting that Perry be made a member of the Sports Medicine Committee for the U.S. Olympic team in Moscow was not the first of its kind. In 1976 a similar petition had been signed by several hundred athletes and coaches before the Montreal Games. Dr. Anthony

Daly of Inglewood, Calif., an orthopedist and one of the ranking members of the American medical squad for Montreal, had said shortly before the Games that "Perry's case is a dead issue. Our people were selected four or five months ago. It's mostly track and field athletes who are involved with Dr. Perry. If we were to add him, what about athletes in other sports with their own favorite doctors?"

Perry got to Montreal anyway—as the team doctor for the Antigua squad, an arrangement worked out by the team's coach, none other than Tracy Sundlin, who had been impressed by Perry back in '73 at La Jolla.

Hearing of Perry's presence and of the fact that he was treating other athletes, not just the tiny Antigua squad, the U.S. medical staff ordered American athletes not to be treated by him.

"I'm a friend of Dr. Daly's," says Russ Hodge, a former decathlete who was in Montreal as a shoe company's rep. "His pride was deeply hurt when American athletes went to Dr. Perry instead of to him. It became extremely touchy. When athletes have a problem, they will go to anyone for relief. Perry would love to work with Daly and Dardik. He doesn't want to replace them. But the polarization of the AMA and the chiropractors has made it hard for everyone. Unfortunately, in the end, it's the athletes who suffer."

When Dardik was asked to explain the USOC's stand, he refused to comment. One of the many athletes who ignored the dictum was Robinson, who won the gold medal in the long jump. "I had pulled a groin muscle," Robinson recalls. "A friend mentioned Dr. Perry. I saw him two days before I jumped and had three or four treatments. I was leery. I had never been to a chiropractor. He took X rays and found I was out of line. He got rid of the pain and that gave me an extra lift. I don't think I would have won without him."

During the Olympic Trials, an M.D. said to decathlon champion-to-be Bruce Jenner, "All chiropractic does is psychological." Jenner, who had been under Perry's care, replied, "If all he does is psychological, then Dr. Perry is probably the most important man here."

Despite the endorsements, Perry not only is without official honor in his own country; he is having a tough time mak-

ing it in his own backyard. Perry has spent more time with the USC track and field team than with any other group of athletes and has been credited by some with being a vital factor in USC's winning the past four of five conference outdoor championships. Nevertheless, Perry is not permitted to attend Trojan practices, to use USC training facilities or to serve in any official medical capacity.

Dr. Chester Semel, team physician for the USC athletic department, says, "We have a panel of consultants here from all the medical fields. Dr. Perry was not included because we felt we had men with better backgrounds. Yes, his training as a chiropractor was a factor in our not including him."

It is an awkward situation that tends to disturb Coach Vern Wolfe, himself a Perry patient.

"Dr. Perry has helped so many on our team," Wolfe says. "He also practically brought me back from the dead after I had a terrible car crash in September of '77. I thought my shoulder was ruined, had very bad whiplash and didn't think I'd ever be right or be able to coach again. Well, Dr. Perry worked on me, and this year at age 55 I began pole vaulting. Got my first trophy recently when I cleared 10' 6" in an age-group meet. Medicare and numerous insurance and medical plans acknowledge chiropractic services, but our athletic department won't. They feel chiropractors are quacks. I can't even recommend Dr. Perry to anyone on my team. I was told point-blank by Dr. Richard H. Perry, our athletic director, not to do so."

Wolfe and his assistant Ken Matsuda have formally protested Perry's banishment; they feel it is unjust and hypocritical, because Wolfe and many of his athletes see Perry on their own in any case.

M.D.s might disagree with what Perry does and may be mystified as to why it seems to work so often, but no one has accused him of avarice or self-promotion. He is loath to discuss the work he does with athletes, and he has asked the athletes to be similarly reticent—although clearly he is proud of his profession. But as hurdler Dedy Cooper says, "Everybody talks about Dr. Perry. Everybody. The first thing athletes ask at a meet is, 'Is Dr. Perry here?' If he's not, some won't compete. Other doctors tell you, 'Rest.' Dr. Perry fixes you up; he teaches you how to take care of yourself. We want him." **END**



UP IN ARMS ABOUT MY ARM

Embarrassed by her feeble tosses, the author-shortstop seeks to learn why she throws a ball "like a girl!"

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

Throwing. It has to be just about the simplest thing in the world. So simple, in fact, that if you don't know how to do it and you want to learn how, nobody can explain it to you because no one's ever thought about it. Not even Sandy Koufax or Reggie Jackson. I know I asked them. I'm talking about a nice plain overhand throw. Not a fancy fast pitch. Just a simple here-to-there throw.

Last summer I joined a women's softball team, so I needed to learn to throw

I played for the Sheffield Bar and Grill in Sheffield, Mass. We had maroon shirts with crossed martini glasses on the front and were called the Grillettes. There were 10 teams in the league, and we played three nights a week all summer. It was wonderful. After a game we'd drink beer at a rest stop along the highway and whistle at men jogging by. Frogs would be croaking, our hair would be soaked with sweat, and our shirts would be hanging out. The warm summer nights made you feel especially disheveled and strong. My cleats—they were my first pair—let me feel the highway up in the muscle of my calf. I felt charged and able to outrun any of the cars that went whizzing by. Everything to do with being on the team was inspiring. But I could not throw. It was a real handicap.

I practiced. I threw with my husband and my stepson in the field next to our

continued



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house. My stepson was nine last summer and half as tall as I am, but he could throw twice as far as I could. Why? Everybody gave me advice. "Kiss your car with your thumb," one woman on the team told me over and over. If I had tried to kiss my car with my mouth I couldn't have had a harder time of it than I did in trying to get the ball from my hand to the person standing in front of me.

Now, there are plenty of things that I can do. When I was eight I could skate backward around a rink on one foot while holding the other leg straight out and eating a Fudgsicle. When I was 11 I could ride a unicycle and direct traffic simultaneously. When I was 12 I could water-ski backward, and when I was 13 I stood barefoot on the back of a cantering horse while my friend played the French horn on a sawhorse in the middle of the ring. But, despite all this evidence that I possess athletic ability, I could not throw a ball. It was downright embarrassing.

Equally humiliating was the notion—one I had a hard time repressing—that, well, I was "a woman" and that accounted for some of my difficulty. I know that sounds silly. I mean, just because I can't read Di Lampedusa in the original, I don't think of myself as "a woman who can't read Italian" or someone who reads Italian "like a girl." When I can't remember the zip code of my friend in Taos, N. Mex., I don't say to myself, "Gee, I'm just another woman who can't remember zip codes." Still, I couldn't help wondering if my stepson hadn't begun life with an arm that was better suited to throwing than mine.

I began talking to people about women's arms. One sportswriter friend said, "Oh, I know someone you should talk to. He plays for us, and he throws just like a girl. You should see him. I think maybe he had polio or something when he was a kid." Others had more subtle responses. "Oh, it's the bone structure," or, "Something about the muscles. Yeah, women don't have a certain muscle." Twice I heard, "Well, a woman's elbow is crooked so she can cradle a baby." If

all those things were true, why was it that so many women I saw could throw well? If I were missing a certain muscle, why weren't Karen Smith and the other members of my softball team missing it, too?

I went to spring training last March to find out. My quest was twofold: I wanted to find out if there was any physical reason why I couldn't eventually throw as well as my 9-year-old stepson, and I wanted to improve my throw. I went to Vero Beach, Fla., where the Dodgers train. Dodgertown is an especially friendly place. Families come with picnics to spend the day and watch practice games. There is no fence around the field, so chil-



Reggie Jackson said his girl friend could throw "just like a man."

dren roam onto the outfield where they can scramble for balls and pretend they are on the team. Palm trees and orange trees are planted symmetrically around the field, and I heard from several people that it has never rained on an exhibition game at Dodgertown. When I was there, the sky was a blazing blue, the players were accessible, and everyone seemed to be in a good mood. I wandered around with my softball and my press card in my knapsack.

Asking a major league player how to throw is like asking a mathematician how to write the number 7. It is too basic a question. He looks at you slightly cross-eyed, as if from a great distance, and squints.

Steve Garvey, the Dodger first baseman, stressed wrist action. "It's all in the wrist," he said. "The main thrust comes from snapping the wrist to get the backspin on the ball." He flicked his wrist to demonstrate, but all I could think about was that a person with massive arms like Garvey's shouldn't have to get bogged down in little flick-of-the-wrist details. If Garvey used his arm as a bat, he could hit the ball farther than I could throw it.

"Thanks," I said, flicking my wrist. Backspin. I didn't even know you could put backspin on a ball.

Pitcher Bob Welch said, "Start at just 10 feet apart and work your way out. Don't start throwing 60 feet. Just start at

short distances and keep practicing until you get your distance." He tipped his hat and loped away with a gangly stride. I looked enviously at the arm swinging from his right shoulder, the same arm he used to replace a light bulb or pat a dog. That's his instrument and it's built-in. He doesn't unscrew it at the end of the day and put it away, like a saxophone, in a velvet-lined case. That arm will grow old with him. I looked at my arm; it was turning brown.

Several of the players had girl friends or wives who could throw well. My conversation never got very far with them. They would look at me as if asking, "You can't throw?"

Reggie Jackson, who was at Dodgertown for an exhibition game, said, "The girl I'm dating right now... she can throw and catch just like a man. [Notice he said, "just like a man."] I get a kick out of it. See that blue man out there?" Behind second base there was a man dressed in blue picking up pieces of paper. "I play catch with her from here to there," Jackson went on. "You should see her throw."

I didn't want to see her throw.

A couple of the coaches were helpful. Del Crandall, the old Braves' catcher, was the first person I talked to who really seemed to have given some thought to the question of women throwing. "I think the problem with most women is that they lead with their elbows," he said. "You've got to get the elbow on about the same level as the shoulder—either

continued



"I really don't know the answer to that question," said a puzzled Dr. Jobe

get it slightly above or slightly below. The throw is actually an unorthodox movement."

"Is it?" I asked with enthusiasm. I liked the notion of not being able to do something I wasn't supposed to do in the first place.

"The natural inclination would be to throw underhand," Crandall added.

"I heard Don Sutton telling his son to throw with both feet on the ground. Is that right?" I said. I didn't tell Crandall that, for the first two months of my throwing career, I had been leading off with the wrong foot.

"Yes, but your weight should shift from your right leg onto your left leg," he said. "The leg in front should be slightly bent. If you keep your leg straight, you block the momentum of your throw. When the back leg comes up, it shouldn't come up like this." Crandall lifted his leg straight up behind him. "The leg should twist around like this, so the whole body is twisting," he said. We twisted together.

Another coach, Ron Perranoski, agreed to borrow a glove for me and throw with me.

"Most women face forward when they

throw," he said as we walked over to the pitching area. "They don't coordinate their movements. They don't pivot. They don't move their hips right. You need good coordination. You have to follow through well, and you have to get a good grip on the ball."

Earlier I had sat beside the pitching area and watched Andy Messersmith and others smoothly pitching. Now, as Perranoski and I arrived there and found it vacant of major-leaguers, I kicked off my sandals and stood barefoot on the neat little mound of red dirt where Messersmith had stood. Perranoski eyed the softball I had brought, as if it were cancerous, and insisted that we throw a hardball. That was O.K. with me. I could handle it. After all, I was standing in Messersmith's footprints. As we warmed up, I made an effort to pivot and get my weight behind the ball, instead of just flinging it with my arm. Most of my throws were wide, but at least they had some speed. Several small children wearing gloves watched wisely, so I tried to pretend to myself that a childhood dream had finally come true.

"You're pretty coordinated," Perranoski said when we finished. "Your main

problem is that you aren't getting a good grip on the ball." He showed me how to hold the ball across its seams with two fingers. "Sometimes you twist your wrist at the release. Keep your wrist straight and the ball will go straight. You'll get it," he called back to me as he headed off to the showers.

"I'll get it," I nodded, chewing hard on my Gator gum.

Sandy Koufax, a pitching coach during spring training and the man with perhaps the most admired arm in baseball history, was watching batting practice when I approached him. I asked him why women have a hard time throwing. It was not a well-phrased question, because some women can throw well, but I wanted him to explain to me what "the woman problem" was—if there was one—and how I could overcome it. His response was friendly and direct.

"I don't know," he said grinning. "A doctor could help you more than I can. I wouldn't think it would have anything to do with the muscles. More likely the skeleton and the structure of the joints. But I really don't know."

I stared down hard at the Band-Aid on a toe that stuck out from my sandal. I was stumped. If Sandy Koufax didn't know about arms, who did?

"It's an interesting question," he said, "and I'd be curious to know the answer. Why don't you go and talk to Dr. Frank Jobe?"

"Thanks, I will," I said, and I went off to find out who Dr. Jobe was. I learned that he is the doctor who reconstructed Pitcher Tommy John's left arm by transplanting a tendon from his right arm so he could pitch better. And it worked. I headed over to the Dodgertown clinic. Although I had picked up some tips on throwing, no one had been able to tell me whether a woman's arm is physically different from a man's. I wondered on my way to see Dr. Jobe if he had any of Tommy John's right arm tucked away in a drawer somewhere. If so, would he mind just sticking a little piece of it in my right arm? I was all geared up to look at subcutaneous diagrams of muscles, tendons and joints.

After spending a rowdy 10 minutes in the waiting room playing catch with two players who were demonstrating backspin to me, I was admitted into Dr. Jobe's office.

"Is there any physical difference between a man's arm and a woman's?" I

continued

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Actually, the Civic 1200 is one of our earlier Civic engines.



Later on, when we introduced our Honda Civic CVCC® models, we gave them a new 1488cc engine. And more recently we designed a larger 1751cc engine for our larger cars, the Accord® and the Prelude.

Jerry Kibler modified his Civic 1200 engine in several ways in order to save weight and make it more suitable to an aircraft. He also added a turbocharger to increase its power. Which brings us to another point. Honda engines are designed strictly for cars, and we recommend that you do not put them in airplanes.

Nevertheless, we feel that Jerry Kibler's faith in our simple engine amounts to an impressive testimonial. Especially when you consider that Jerry was so pleased by the Honda Civic engine in his plane that he went out and bought the whole Honda Civic.

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asked him after describing my throwing shortcomings.

"I have to tell you straight off," he paused, "that I really don't know the answer to that question." I stared down at my handgirded toe again. "But I don't think so. A woman has narrower shoulders, but I wouldn't think that would affect her throwing abilities. Compared to a man, a woman's upper extremities tend to be relatively weaker than her lower extremities. I would say that there are two reasons why a woman might not throw as well as a man. The first is strength, the second is training. Little girls just aren't shown how to throw correctly. It's a matter of practice."

"So with practice a woman should be able to throw as well as a man?"

"If she were shown how to throw correctly, yes, except not with the same speed, because a woman cannot develop the same muscle mass that a man can," Dr. Jobe said. "You should talk to a woman named Anne Atwater at the University of Arizona. She is probably the lead-

ing authority in the country on the subject of women's throwing."

After looking at some remarkable slides of Bob Welch pitching and some nasty slides of rapid elbow extension with valgus stress and rotation, I went back to my hotel and called Anne Atwater. She confirmed Dr. Jobe's theories. Women have the same arm structure as men do. Later she sent me a paper she had written in which she revealed that a few women are capable of throwing a ball 68 mph. She cited the same reasons that Dr. Jobe had to explain why women can't throw as fast as men (100 mph by the fastest pitchers): women have less muscle strength, possibly because of hormonal factors, and they have less opportunity to practice in their formative years. I think this is terrific news. Now I know that the primary thing holding me back is me, not my gender.

It is softball season again. I play shortstop this year, though I got the position mainly because of the way I behave when I don't have the ball. I give the appear-

ance of being an excellent shortstop. I am agile. I will do anything for a grass stain. I don't care how fast the ball is coming at me, I will put any part of my body in front of it. I pretend I am transcending gravity, just as Graig Nettles seems to do, when I spring up for the ball. But the truth is I still don't throw very well, and it's hard to fake a throw to first. Sometimes the ball gets there, sometimes it doesn't. So far the coach doesn't seem to mind too much. The first baseman is polite. When one of my toes gets to the plate on the roll, the catcher will occasionally yell out something to the effect that my throw "needs a little Geritol." But I still have hope. After all, a major league coach told me that I "will get it." With a little luck I may even pick up some valgus stress and rotation. In the meantime my jeans and cleats are getting a wonderfully battered look, and the leather of my newly oiled glove smells terrific when I spring back from one of my patented exuberant handstands near second base.

END

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Gordon F. Sutliff



The back is back, better than ever

Bobby Grich can now laugh about the time—Valentine's Day 1977, to be exact—he tried to get into the Guinness Book of World Records in the category "most yards covered by a Yugoslavian second baseman carrying a heavy air-conditioning unit." It wasn't so funny then: Grich injured his back after carrying it up a stairway, eventually underwent surgery to remove a herniated disk, missed most of the 1977 season and was not too effective last year.

Now Grich's back is back, which is one good reason why the California Angels were battling for first place in the American League West last week. In 1978 Grich had less flexibility than a corseted dowager, but now he can actually touch his toes without bending his knees, just as he could during the years he was winning four Gold Gloves. Formerly the pain was so great that at times he had to ask Manager Jim Fregosi to scratch him from the starting lineup. Now Grich is reveling in the best first half of his nine-year major league career. Angels owner Gene Autry, who in 1976 signed him as a free agent to a five-year, \$1.5 million contract, is at last getting some return on his investment. True Grich, you might say.

At week's end Grich was batting .306 (nearly 50 points above his lifetime average) and he had 55 RBIs. Friday night at Anaheim Stadium, he and teammate Don Baylor, who had climbed up together rung by rung in the Baltimore system, punished their old team. Baylor socked two homers, his eighth and ninth in nine days. Grich hit his 18th home run, one shy of his alltime season best. In addition, Grich was fielding almost as well as he did in 1973, when he committed only five errors for the Orioles in 162 games.

"He makes the pivot, the double play and the backhand going toward second as well as anybody," says Fregosi.

Surgery on his spinal disk has allowed Bobby Grich to return to All-Star form

That Grich is fielding well isn't surprising, but his hitting is astonishing. Grich has become a slugger, so much so that Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson recently demanded that the umpires check his bat for cork. There are several reasons for the improvement besides a healthy spine, but none involves cork.

Grich, who is 30, is naturally muscu-

lar (his father, Tony, had a 4-0 record as a professional boxer), and he increased his strength in the off-season by swinging a lead-weighted bat and hoisting weights—barbells and dumbbells, not air conditioners. He interrupted his workouts only when he took a trip to Yugoslavia, his father's family homeland. Bobby lifted weights all winter and has continued to do so.

"We have a Nautilus room in the stadium, and after a game I work on my legs," he says. "Then when I get home, I'll do some more. I have a bench press and dumbbells and a lead bat. Sometimes you've really got to push. If I'm really exhausted, like I have been the past two weeks, I can't lift. But if I have any strength left at all, I'll go in there and push it a little bit."

For all his added strength, Grich grips his 32-ounce bat lightly, emulating that master hitter Rod Carew, who joined the Angels this season.

"I studied Rod this spring in the batting cage and in our exhibition games," says Grich. "I thought, 'What has been the key to his success? It must be something besides the natural talent for putting the bat on the ball.' He would get into the box and be so relaxed. His hands are always moving and seem very loose. The bat is so loose in his hands, it kind of just floats there. He hits ground balls that get through the infield, whereas another player hits that same ground ball and it just doesn't quite have that speed behind it."

Grich is also aping Carew's wrist action, rolling the bat so that at contact his right, or top, hand is often over the bat rather than behind it. This tactic produces top spin, so that a bounding ball gets through the infield more quickly. Grich has a new stance, too. He stands deep in the batter's box and holds his hands near his right ear, which he feels has eliminated his old uppercut swing that



A weight-lifting program has turned Grich into a slugger

continued

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.





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produced far too many strikeouts and fly balls.

Most of the season Fregosi has had Grich batting eighth, which is a bit unusual for such a hot hitter. But many of the Angels are hitting—notably Carew (before he was sidelined with a jammed right thumb six weeks ago), Baylor, Third Baseman Carney Lansford, First Baseman Willie Aikens, Catcher Brian Downing and Outfielder Dan Ford. They are all above .280. Besides, Grich likes it down there in the order.

"If you bat eighth you get to watch the first seven hitters," he says. "You study the pitcher and when you get up there, sometimes in the third inning, you feel like you have an idea of what he's going to throw, his speed, his pattern. I feel much more comfortable in eighth than I do in leadoff."

So there you have them, all the ingredients: more muscle, altered swing, bat control, sturdy backbone, eighth in the batting order, Carew-like wrist action. Oh, and one other thing. Grich's grandmother, of the Scottish-Irish side of the family, gave him a good-luck canary at the start of the season. Grich is divorced and lives alone in the Belmont Shores section of Long Beach with the bird, whose cheeps aren't likely to scare off burglars. But what the heck, he has that lead-weighted bat and new muscles.

Going to the Angels after six years in Baltimore was a homecoming of sorts for Grich, who grew up in Long Beach (about 18 miles from Anaheim Stadium) and starred at shortstop for Wilson High, also the alma mater of Bob Lemon, Bob Baney, Jim Pagliarone and Jeff Burroughs. Major league scouts were drooling over him, but so were college football coaches.

Grich was an outstanding quarterback and signed a letter of intent to attend UCLA, but the Orioles made him their first draft pick (Baylor was their second that year) and signed him for a \$40,000 bonus. Tommy Prothro, then the UCLA coach and now vice-president in charge of player personnel for the Cleveland Browns, still frowns at the memory.

"We thought he was the best high school quarterback prospect we saw that year and were tickled when he signed a grant-in-aid with us," says Prothro. "Grich was a good passer and an excellent athlete. He did come to UCLA in the off-season from baseball. There he was playing intramural football, when we

could have used him on the varsity. I'm sure he would have been a starter."

Grich now earns just under \$2,000 a game from Autry's Angels, so he doesn't have many regrets about passing up football. He has had a 20-game hitting streak this season and he will likely be the American League's starting second baseman in the All-Star Game next Tuesday. But best of all, his back doesn't hurt anymore and base ball is fun again.

THE WEEK

(July 1-7)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

NL EAST

Danny Ozark sat in his office and produced a rare smile. After a disastrous 5-9 road trip, his Phillies (4-4) had just opened a home stand to a thunderous chorus of boos. But the Phils had won, beating the Mets and getting, of all things, a complete game from a pitcher, Nino Espinosa, on two days' rest. "Maybe they need to pitch on just two days' rest," said Ozark wryly. Then gloom returned. The next night, starter Larry Christenson strained a groin muscle while batting, and Randy Lerch broke a wrist in a scuffle with a gang of youths after the game. Dick Ruthven was already suffering from an inflamed right elbow, so the Phils found themselves minus three starters.

Which explains why Reliever Tug McGraw started against the Giants, only his second such assignment in five years. He lasted four innings as the Phils lost 8-6. Two brighter notes: Mike Schmidt hit home runs in four consecutive plate appearances (over two games) to become the first player to do so twice, and Steve Carlton threw his fifth one-hitter, blanking the Mets.

The Pirates (3-3) celebrated the Fourth of July in St. Louis. First-place Montreal (page 20) had lost the previous night, and the Pirates had pulled to within 5½ games. Before the Independence Day game, John Candelaria and Willie Stargell stood looking out to right centerfield. "No way you can put a ball over that scoreboard," challenged Candelaria. No! In the seventh inning Stargell put a roman candle of a shot over it, 500 feet into the upper deck, for his 443rd career home run and second of the game, and the Pirates won 6-4. But the Pirate hitting slacked off, and after having won 12 of their last 18 games, they dropped three straight to St. Louis and Cincinnati and scored just 18 runs during the week.

Chicago (6-3) got twice as many runs as the Pirates and won twice as many games, getting 36 runs in cozy Wrigley Field. The Cubs have either won or tied 11 straight series and haven't lost two games in a row since May

And after receiving a couple of gift games from New York, they beat the best, taking two from Montreal and two from Houston. They did it with the help of a rookie, Scot Thompson, and a player who has seen little action in recent years, Mike Vail. The two have been platooning in rightfield since the departure of Bobby Murcer to the Yankees. In the first game of a doubleheader against the Astros, Thompson had five singles in five at bats and was greeted by the Bleacher Bums with cries of "Bobby Who?" In the second game, Vail responded with a two-run homer, two singles and four RBIs, and the chant changed to "Scot Who?" There's not a pitcher in the league who has to ask Dave Who? Kingman's home-run pace slowed a bit, but he blasted two for a total of 29. He also drove in six runs and even threw a runner out at the plate.

St. Louis (5-4) also received some help from a rookie, Catcher Terry Kennedy, called up from Springfield the week before to replace injured Ted Simmons, but his first major league home run in grand style—a grand slam in the eighth inning against the Phils. Manager Ken Boyer used him as a pinch hitter in the second game of the day's doubleheader with the score tied 1-1 in the bottom of the ninth, two outs and a runner on second. Alas, this time he popped up, but—hold it—the ball dropped safely and the Cardinals won again making Reliever Mark Lucella a two-time winner for the day.

The Mets (1-7), who had given signs of making a run for fifth place, fell apart after winning three straight and dropped to 16½ games back.

MON 47-29 CHI 41-36 PIT 40-37
STL 41-38 PHIL 43-40 NY 31-46

NL WEST

Tradition has it that a team comfortably encoined in first place on July 4 will finish there. Houston (4-3) is giving every indication it intends to do just that. Its speed is the best in the league and its pitching may be too. The defense is exceptional, the top reliever has not allowed an earned run in 24 games and the Astros have the ability to get key hits. "The only thing we lack is power," says Manager Bill Virdon, whose team has yet to lose more than three in a row. "If you play the game right, you need not that." The Astros didn't seem to need it. Joe Niekro won his 12th and 13th games against three losses. Ken Forsch allowed just two earned runs on six hits in his second strong outing since coming off the disabled list, and Joe Sambito picked up three saves to bring his total to 10. He has the lowest ERA in the majors: 1.08. Houston had a six-game winning streak on the road, its longest since 1973, before losing three of four, including a doubleheader to the Cubs.

Cincinnati (3-4) turned Riverfront Stadium into a war zone. Baseball's latest bea-

ball episode involved Joe Morgan, the target of Houston Pitcher Joaquin Andujar, who in turn got brushed back in his next at bat. Both benches emptied, but no one was hurt in the ensuing fracas. Pitching was the Reds' strong point for a change, their staff yielding just 22 runs in the seven games. Still, the Reds fell twice to San Francisco (3-4). In the first game of a doubleheader, Giant Reliever Pedro Borbon got a save by retiring ex-teammates George Foster and Johnny Bench with the bases loaded.

San Diego went 4-2, the four wins coming against the lowly Dodgers—how's that sound?—and the Mets. Padre superstar Dave Winfield hit a 12th-inning home run to beat New York and played host to 1,200 underprivileged New York children during the four-game Mets series.

More than 51,000 fans, the largest crowd in two years, packed Atlanta Stadium on the Fourth. The Braves (5-2) had just climbed out of the cellar for the first time since April 16. "I heard the crowd screaming," said Outfielder Gary Matthews, "and I said, 'Let's go.'" So Matthews did, hitting his 17th home run. San Francisco Reliever Gary Lavelle balled in the winning run in the 7-6 game. Surprisingly effective hitting and pitching gave the Braves 12 wins in their last 19 games. Rookie Tony Brizzolara won twice, yielding but four runs in 16 1/3 innings, and the way Atlanta veteran Phil Niekro (11-10) and brother Joe (13-3) were going, they could become the second set of brothers to win 20 games in the same year—Jim and Gaylord Perry did it in 1970.

The Dodgers (1-5) continued to plummet. After losing twice to San Diego, they dropped to last place for the first time in 11 years. Manager Tommy Lasorda was summoned back to Los Angeles for a 90-minute conference with President Peter O'Malley and Vice-President Al Campanis. He arrived on the field for a game in Montreal just after the playing of the national anthems. No one discussed what had gone on and Lasorda, who, as usual, is on a one-year contract, remained the manager. For now.

HOUS 53-34 CIN 44-40 SF 41-43
SD 39-48 ATL 36-48 LA 34-51

AL EAST After winning 22 of 25 games, the Orioles (1-5) lost five straight and were shut out twice. In five games against the Rangers and Angels, they scored nine runs to their opponents' 32 and left 33 men on base. Even their pitching—the best in the American League—fizzled. After winning 10 straight, Dennis Martinez lost his fourth in a row. Jim Palmer, citing a sore elbow, once again removed himself from the rotation, and Reliever Tim Lincecum was ailing with a muscle tear. The team ERA rose from 3.32 to 3.54.

"I ain't worried," said Manager Earl Weaver. "We're still in first." But the Birds' lead,

which was 5½ games at the beginning of the week, slipped to just two games over second-place Boston (4-3).

The Yankees (6-2) took the final two games of their series with the Red Sox and set a league attendance record (206,016) for a four-game series. They were playing once again like the Yankees of yore, or at least of 1978, cutting their deficit to Baltimore from 12 to eight games. They were running and stealing bases again. Billy Martin-style. Reggie Jackson, recovered from his leg injury, was ripping balls over fences. Tommy John returned to form, winning two complete games and allowing just one earned run in 18 innings to become the league's first 13-game winner. And the presence of rookie Ron Davis made the absence of Rich Gossage less catastrophic. Since replacing the injured Goose on May 28, the young reliever has won eight games without a defeat and saved four. Tennessees nicknamed him "The Vulture" when he turned a couple of sure saves into wins for himself by blowing a lead.

Before a matchup with Cy Young Award winner Ron Guidry, Larry Sorensen of the Brewers (3-4) felt a no-hitter in the air. "With Guidry you always feel he can pitch a no-hitter," explained the young righthander. And for 7½ innings it was a no-hitter—Sorensen's, not Guidry's. "I was thanking my infielders for their good plays, but no one was talking to me," said Sorensen, who is in his second full major league year. "They'd just walk away. I got so lonely I started going to a Gatorade bucket." When Chris Chambliss got a hit in the eighth, Third Baseman Sal Bando

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DON BAYLOR: In seven games the Angels' designated hitter had seven home runs, a double and five singles for a .481 average, driving in 17 runs and scoring 11. He has 79 RBIs, the most in either league, and 21 homers.

came to the mound and broke the silence. "We have to win this game." Which they did, 3-0. Sorensen pitching a two-hitter. But the ground the Brewers grazed during the Oriole slide was erased when they lost three straight to Sparky Anderson's clean-shaven Tiger youngsters. Detroit (5-3) was rescued three times—by the rubber-armed Mexican Aurelio Lopez, called Señor Smoke, to reach 300.

Cleveland's 4-3 week was overshadowed by the bad manners of club president Gabe Paul. He had leaked to the press and whoever else would listen the news that Bob Lemon was to be the next Cleveland manager. But Lemon declined. Paul then said Jeff Torborg, the incumbent, was his manager—for now. But Torborg rose up and announced that he was quitting at the end of the season, saying, "I don't want my players to think that when they lose a game they are costing me my job." The Indians rallied behind their

manager and won four of the next six games. Toronto, splitting six games, inguished 28½ behind Baltimore.

BAL 54-29 BOS 51-30 MIL 47-37 NY 47-38
DET 40-40 CLE 36-44 TOR 27-58

AL WEST More than the other three divisions, this one promises late-season excitement. For the moment it is the Angels and Rangers seasawing in and out of the lead. Both teams took advantage of Baltimore's decline last week. California (6-1), led by Bobby Grich, Don Baylor and Joe Rudi, batted .330 and scored 59 runs, nearly twice as many as Texas and 44 more than last year's division-champion Royals. They won two games from the Orioles, three from the A's and one from the Royals. The Rangers (4-2) triumphed on pitching, as they did in 12 victories in their last 14 games. Steve Cramer shut out Baltimore on Monday night. Fergie Jenkins did likewise the next night on a one-hitter, during which he had 10 strikeouts, and on Saturday, Doc Medich, pressed into duty as a starter when Jon Matlack developed a sore elbow, combined with Jim Kern, who picked up his 15th save, for another one-hit shutout. And when rookie Denny Darwin allowed five runs on Wednesday, the Rangers rode to the rescue with 15 hits and nine runs for another win.

No wonder Steve Busby of the Royals (1-5) had a fainting spell. After losing to the Red Sox one night and then, on the next, seeing his team blow a game on a two-out homer in the bottom of the ninth, the righthander keeled over and was carried out of the park on a stretcher. "He's O.K.," said Red Sox trainer Charlie Moss. "We just didn't have much pep." Neither did his teammates. All except Willie Wilson, who has 37 stolen bases and can best out any bun he lays down. Said Sox Manager Don Zimmer: "I played with Willie Davis and I thought he was the fastest I'd ever seen, but this guy's feet never touch the ground."

At the beginning of the season, Gene Mauch praised his Twins (4-4) pitching staff as the best he has had in 20 years of managing in the big leagues. But it is the Twins bats that have carried the team the first half, with a league-leading team average of .292, while the team ERA is 4.35. Jerry Kosman got his 10th win on a four-hitter last week for his 150th career victory. Chicago (3-3) and Seattle (3-5) fell further behind. Oakland (2-6) outlasted the Rangers in a 13-12, 15-inning marathon that produced 50 hits, eight shy of the league record, but dropped 3½ games further into the cellar. They are currently at .276, 26½ games back, and have a shot at another record: most winning percentage in baseball history.

CAL 50-36 TEX 48-35 MIN 43-38 KC 43-40
CH 36-46 SEA 37-50 OAK 24-63

THIS FAMILY OF VOLVO OWNERS HAS ONE MILLION MILES ON IT.



Some years ago, Barry Vandenberg, an insurance agent from Oxnard, California, decided on some life insurance for his family.

He wanted his whole family to drive Volvos, because he felt Volvos were the safest cars on the road.

Sure enough, as the Vandenberg children reached driving age, the Volvo population exploded. Today the Vandenberg's own seven Volvos, with a total of one million miles on them.

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taste in a great light beer,
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The chesty race queen was hugging him and squeezing his arm, the promotion man from the oil company was turning him this way and that way for the photographers, who were pushing in close and snapping one picture after another, and all of a sudden, right in the middle of his victory speech, Neil Bonnett thought he was going to faint. His face turned white, his knees wobbled.

Bonnett had just won the Independence Day Firecracker 400 on Daytona International Speedway's high-banked 2½-mile track. He had set a Firecracker record, pushing his Mercury Cougar around the steaming asphalt at an average speed of 172.890 mph, the second-fastest race in NASCAR Grand National history. His driving had been superb. He had taken a wild backward slide at nearly 200 mph past one accident, and he had been hit by a flying bumper from another wreck. Finally, he had to pull some daredevil driving shenanigans in order to shake runner-up Benny Parsons on the final lap.

But most impressively, Bonnett, a 32-year-old Alabamian who was an unemployed pipe fitter eight years ago, had withstood the heat after driving nearly 2½ hours in a sheet-metal oven Day-

A real scorcher at Daytona

The heat inside his car was so intense that his shoes were melting, but that didn't stop Neil Bonnett from steaming to victory in the Firecracker 400 stock-car race

tona's midday temperatures had reached 94° and, what with the baking asphalt track and the heat given off by the straining engine, the temperature inside his car had reached nearly 150°.

Now, as Bonnett stood in victory lane and got jostled about, he suddenly began to fade. Speedway officials led him by the arm to the track infirmary, a trip that took him through the pit garage. It was like a walk through an emergency room. Parsons, a stocky ex-cabby from Detroit, lay on a workbench with his shirt off and an oxygen mask pushed up to his face.

Darrell Waltrip, the top driver on the Grand National circuit this year, who had finished fourth, lay on the bench next to Parsons and looked in worse shape. His shoes had been pulled off, his pants loosened and his shirt removed. He had a wet towel around his head and groaned as a track medic applied oxygen. Chuck Bown sat across the garage alley. He didn't feel like moving. His foot was wrapped in a wet towel. He held his sneaker in his hand. The rubber sole was melted on the edges and cracked across the instep. The side of his foot was blistered. "I knew my foot was burning, but there was nothing I could do," he said. "I had to keep the throttle open. I know I'll be light-headed tomorrow, and my ears will ring for a couple days."

Inside Al Monaco Infirmary, Rick Newsom sat on a cot, his left arm and thigh bandaged with gauze. "Every time I went into the corners, hot air came in through the fire wall," he said. "Some of it was hot air forced in, some came off the exhaust system. It blistered my hands,

arms and legs. It was the hottest car I've ever been in, and I wanted out."

Bonnett knew exactly what Newsom was talking about. "My car was cooking," he said after taking oxygen. "I mis-used and abused the engine. The water temperature was up over 220°. The bottom of my shoe actually melted and stuck to the floor. When you run with a wide-open throttle, it's just like turning your car heater on extra hot. I tried to stick my hand out the window to divert some cool air into the car, but when I did, it felt like someone stuck a blowtorch on my hand."

The heat was as blazing as the pace of the race. Not only was it the fastest in Firecracker history, but it also was one of the most competitive, the lead changing hands 28 times among eight drivers. Waltrip and Buddy Baker, the main men on the Grand National circuit this year, jockeyed back and forth for the lead during the first 57 laps. Baker holding it nine times for 16 laps. Waltrip 11 times for 54 laps.

Baker had started on the pole after qualifying his silver and black Oldsmobile at 193.196 mph. With an engine built by a master, Waddell Wilson, the car is one of the fastest on the circuit, having won five pole positions in 17 races. But Daytona is not kind to Baker. He has finished second five times but never won there. In fact, the local press calls him Bad Luck Buddy.

In February's Daytona 500, Baker had the pole, but his engine quit in the 46th lap. The same thing happened in the 28th lap of the 1978 Firecracker. Last week Baker reflected on his misfortunes. "One time—1970, I think it was—I was leading by such a margin that I was already running through a list of sponsorship people in my head, because I wanted to



Bonnett cooled off after his bubbly victory shower

(continued)

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MOTOR SPORTS continued

make sure I didn't leave anybody out when I mentioned them in victory lane. But while I was naming them to myself, the right front tire went flat on the backstretch. I don't think I'm that unlucky. It just focuses on me because I'm leading at the time. It's like the leading character in a Shakespearean play falling over onstage."

So Baker tumbled again, this time on the 58th lap, when his car stopped out on the track with ignition problems and an oil leak. That left Waltrip in command of the lead. On a prerace practice spin, Waltrip, driving a green and white Oldsmobile, had exceeded 194 mph on a few laps. But when he returned to the garage area, NASCAR officials inspected his car and ruled that the front end was too low. They ordered crew chief Buddy Parrot to raise it.

In all, it took four trips through the inspection station before the Waltrip car was passed. "I guess we just ran too fast in practice," said Waltrip, who was livid. "By the time they got done with it, it looked like an airplane taking off, they had the nose raised so high."

"We got shucked," said Parrot. "We raised the car up 2½ inches, and that disturbs the whole way it handles. But I don't think they're picking on us. If someone picked on me, I'd break his jaw."

Bonnett, who started on the front row next to Baker, led for 77 of the 160 laps, including the final 28. The Firecracker was Bonnett's fourth Grand National victory in his 5½-year career, and his second since joining the Woods brothers' race team on April 11. The season had started poorly for Bonnett. His original team, Jim Stacey and Harry Hyde, split on less than friendly terms, and Bonnett was caught in the middle. Meanwhile, Bonnett's strength was sapped because of impacted wisdom teeth and a sliver of steel that had embedded in his hand, resulting in an infection. Disillusioned, Bonnett had quit the Stacey-Hyde outfit after the Daytona 500.

At this time, the Woods brothers were seeking a driver because David Pearson, the winner of 103 races and \$2 million in prize money, had left them. They took on Bonnett. Some questioned the decision to give Bonnett, a relative newcomer, such a prestigious ride, but in the Firecracker he had the answers.

Bonnett's maneuvers to avoid accidents were spectacular. Twenty laps into

the race Jimmy Finger spun his car on a patch of oil, was hit by Sandy Satullo from behind and careened into the wall. Just then Waltrip, Bonnett and Baker came pass.

"Darrell had to slow down real quick," said Bonnett. "When he did, I got off the gas, turned left and spun into the grass. I went flying backwards about the full length of the back straightaway. All of a sudden I started turning back around, and when I did, I dropped it in third gear and took off."

He grinned. "One of the damndest jobs of driving you ever saw. I had both eyes closed."

The second accident that threatened Bonnett came on the 92nd lap. Terry Labonte, trying to pass a car, was held up by slower cars and suddenly was hit from behind by Bown. The crash drove Labonte into the wall.

As Labonte slowly rolled back down the track toward the infield, he was hit broadside by Bobby Allison in his Thunderbird. Labonte's bumper ripped off and became airborne, landing on Bonnett's hood as he flew past. The bumper then bounded onto the windshield and over the car. Bonnett kept driving.

In the final laps Bonnett concentrated his attention on Parsons who, he feared, would try to draft him near the end of the race and then at the last minute pull around and slingshot to victory.

So on the final lap Bonnett weaved through traffic in an attempt to hide from Parsons. Coming out of Turn Two into the back straightaway, Bonnett found five or six cars bunched together in front of him. He whipped inside one car, then headed back up toward the wall to get around another.

Now he saw two cars in front of him with a narrow alley between them. He squeezed straight through the opening. That hole closed, though, before Parsons could get through, and Parsons was trapped behind the slower cars until after the turn.

"As hard as I'd been running all day long," said Bonnett, "it was time to do something out of the ordinary. I made a couple of moves I'd sure never want to make again."

Bonnett beat Parsons to the finish line by two car lengths, a victory worth \$21,705, the biggest check of his racing career. "A pipe fitter makes \$14 an hour these days," he said. "For once, I did better than that."

END

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Today the Pan-Am Games, tomorrow the Olympics. That was the message as the roller skating explosion hit San Juan, where the U.S. was the fastest and fenciest

This is for those of you who still think roller skating exists to provide work for organists. And for those of you who think of skate keys, skinned knees, dreary rinks and big Joanie Weston busting up pretty skulls every week on the tube for the immortal Bay Bombers.

At the Pan-American Games last week, the sport of roller skating streaked toward the '80s as forcefully as if it had been propelled by a six-man whip. But if you haven't yet noticed the 28 million-plus Americans whizzing around on skates, and 16-year-olds everywhere turning into John Travoltas on wheels, the idea of roller skating as an international sport may still seem a bit strange.

"People are amazed when they find out just how much the sport has grown," says Charles Wahlig, the American speed-team coach.

Though competitive roller skating is as popular in southern Europe as ice skating is in the north, in America interest has been largely confined to participants and their families, and what used to be a small community of skate manufacturers and rink operators. World championships have been held for years in each of the sport's three disciplines—artistic, speed and hockey—but last week marked the first occasion on which all three were contested in an international multisport meet as large as the Pan-Am Games. For this booming sport, it was a giant step toward the ultimate goal—the Olympic Games—which it almost assuredly will reach by 1988.

In Puerto Rico, the U.S. skaters provided as much excitement and just as much grace and beauty as their ice-skating counterparts would have in a winter Olympics. Americans won 10 of 16 possible gold medals—the hockey is being played this week—including all

four in artistic skating and six in speed

This was a surprise, because all speed skating in the U.S. is done indoors on un-banked wooden 100-meter tracks, while the track in Puerto Rico was outdoors, banked, 200 meters around and surfaced with polished cement. The only training on such a track that the U.S. skaters had done was during a two-week trip to Italy in early May.

It was fitting that in a brand new Pan-Am sport so important to the Americans, Ken Sutton, an 18-year-old who attends Washtenaw Community College in Ann Arbor, Mich., won the first gold medal of the Games in the 500-meter race against the clock, and a second in the 500-meter round robin. Tom Peterson, a 20-year-old skate salesman from Tacoma, became a winner of four golds, taking the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races, and the week's premier event, the 20,000-meter (12.4-mile) marathon. He also was on a winning relay team.

The 15 entrants in the marathon, representing the U.S., Puerto Rico, Argentina and Colombia, inspired a symphony of honking horns from halted traffic as they sped westward along Highway 165 beside the palm-lined north beaches from Cataño, an industrial town across the bay from San Juan. They rolled past the Bacardi Rum factory, past Levittown, past large fields of sugar cane toward the quaint little town of Dorado.

The Puerto Rican and Colombian skaters fell out of the lead pack early, leaving four Americans and three Argentines. Three miles into the race, one of the Argentines lost a wheel and crashed to the pavement. A teammate stopped to help him replace the wheel. That left the Americans, each taking his turn in the lead to draft the others, and the lone remaining Argentine, Raul Subileti, all

skating in unison in a tight column, sometimes reaching speeds of 30 mph.

Several times the Americans tried to sprint away from Subileti, but they couldn't shake him. Approaching Dorado and the steep 90-meter hill near the finish, Peterson pumped furiously and opened a sizable lead. When he reached the center of town, he had to search to find the finish line, then had to thread his way through the cheering crowd and various motor vehicles to cross it. A children's band played and fire sirens blared. Peterson's time was 36:37.0, an average speed of nearly 21 mph; Chris Snyder of Eufless, Texas finished eight seconds later, followed by Subileti.

In the artistic program, Fred Morante, a 19-year-old art major from Plainville, N.Y., upset 23-year-old Lex Kane of Pontiac, Mich., the flashy defending U.S. men's singles champion Robbie Coleman and Patrick Jones of Memphis won the mixed pairs, while Fleurette Arsenault and Danny Little of Farmingdale, N.Y., took the free dance event.

The final artistic offering, the women's singles, was the stuff of a screenwriter's imagining. Natalie Dunn of Bakersfield, Calif., the 22-year-old three-time world champion and superstar of the sport, who had very politely said, "Anything Dorothy Hamill can do on ice I can do on rollers," was skating for the last time as an amateur against her 19-year-old rival, JoAnn Young of Norfolk, Va. What gave the plot punch was that Dunn, who had a tumor scraped from her left tibia in November and had barely skated since, was found while practicing to have a hairline stress fracture in the same leg. She was in great pain a week before the Games.

"After this, I'm turning pro," she said. "There's nothing to do then but teach. We don't have a 'Roller Capades.' This is my last chance to skate."

Young skated first and turned in a splendid performance. Immediately afterward she collapsed from the sweltering midmorning heat. Dunn, the coo champion, told her father, who is also her coach, that she was nervous and "felt exhausted" midway through her routine. It was uncommonly trying, and despite one fall and the fact she hadn't practiced

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the tougher moves in months, she won. Roller skating's success in San Juan marked a high point of acceptance for a sport that has absolutely exploded in the U.S. in the last three years.

All this naturally pleases the U.S. Amateur Confederation of Roller Skating (USACRS), which administers local, regional and national competition, but at the same time roller skating people are, as always, concerned about how the public perceives the activity.

"The thing we've been backing since the '50s is the image of the speedy rinks and Roller Derby," says Jane Puracchio Butera, a former world champion who coaches the U.S. artistic team.

Skating people agree that the sport never would have made it to the Pan-Am Games, never mind the brink of the Olympics, if not for 71-year-old M. M. (Red) Shattuck of Redwood City, Calif., a retired coach who has dedicated the last 10 years to a crusade for roller skating. Shattuck estimates he has traveled a mil-

lion miles, "crashing parties and meetings" to bang the drum loudly. He went to Munich in 1972 to throw a party for members of the International Olympic Committee, hired a band, brought in food and hostesses, "everything you can possibly do to have a nice reception," he says. "Well, the IOC picked that night to have a retirement party for Avery Brundage, so I bombed out."

In November of that year Shattuck crashed a meeting of the Pan-American Sports Organization in San Juan. "I knocked on the door and told 'em I wanted 10 minutes," he says. "They allowed me five and told me there was nothing they could do for me." Two months later he went to the PASO Congress in Santiago, Chile and, through sheer perseverance, sold his plan. Roller skating was accepted on the condition that

USACRS take the responsibility for training athletes from the Pan-Am countries in the sport.

Shattuck made five trips to Latin America and the Caribbean. USACRS donated \$50,000 for equipment and training and half of the \$300,000 it took to build the skating facility in Puerto Rico. "I have only one goal," said Shattuck. "Olympic participation."

In May 1978 the IOC planned its schedule for the 1984 Games in Los Angeles. Roller skating was not included. However, Marie Walker, roller skating's representative on the U.S. Olympic Committee, is just about certain that the sport will make it by 1988. "Considering the 20 years of struggle behind us and the 10 years of really hard work," says Walker, "1988 seems like tomorrow morning."



Gritty Dunn (left) twirled to a gold, while Peterson and his U.S. teammates stopped Argentina's Sabalotti (right) in the demanding marathon.



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A wise trainer finds it pays to keep his horse away from that big bad Bid

Smarten came inquiringly to the door of his stall at New York's Belmont Park as if answering a knock, and thrust his chocolate-colored nose into the arms of Woody Stephens. The colt is an amiable sort, a dark bay with attentive ears and luminous eyes. His coat was dappling in the morning light. The trainer patted his neck, then tickled his chin. Smarten half-shut his eyes, like a cat that is being stroked to sleep, but it was Stephens who was doing all the purring.

"Just everywhere he's been, he's done it for us," Stephens said. "This horse has come a long way; he's come into his own. If we had pushed him on in top of these better 3-year-olds too early in the year, he just might not have come into himself. He's built up confidence in himself. He's never yet made the lead and lost; anytime he's gotten there, he's stayed there. You take a horse that has won five straight stakes, like this horse, and he's got to believe in himself enough, wouldn't you think so? I was able to take my time with him. And I think we've done right with him."

If 65-year-old Woody Stephens is right, if a racehorse gains confidence through winning, there is probably no 3-year-old colt in America quite as sold on himself as the moment as Smarten. For while Spectacular Bid, Golden Act, General Assembly, Flying Paster and Screen King were having at each other in the spring classics, Smarten was enriching himself as the star of the liveliest sideshow in the game.

Smarten has started nine times this year, at nine different racetracks. Since May 5 he has won five in a row, including four \$100,000-plus derbies, to push

his earnings for the year to \$412,640, second only to Spectacular Bid's \$771,383 among 3-year-old colts. He earned this remarkable sum while dodging, quite artfully, Bid's imposing figure and finding softer spots.

Stephens' plotting of his career is a textbook example of how to train, manage and campaign a 3-year-old who, early in the year, appears to be a cut below the very best of his generation. Conditioning draws the most attention—has this horse done enough, that horse too much?—but a more revealing test of a trainer's aptitude lies in how he manages a horse's campaign, whether he spots him right or overmatches him. The road through the spring classics annually is littered with formerly useful horses who have been wrung out or ruined by meeting superior horses at long distances.

Had he sent Smarten after Spectacular Bid this spring, Stephens believes he would not have the horse he has today. Not that the decision to avoid Bid was entirely a product of design. Smarten had won \$77,993 as a 2-year-old, including a stakes in Maryland, and in the new year he showed signs that he might be a contender in the classics. In January he finished third in the Tropical Park Derby, but in that race he beat Davon Dale, the best filly in the country right now. However, in the process he suffered a quarter crack in his left front hoof—part of his hoof split to the hairline, a painful injury—forcing Stephens to stop for repairs. Stephens had the youngster fitted with a Bane patch—a fiber-glass patch designed to hold the hoof together while the injury heals—and gave Smarten all the time he needed to recuperate. On Feb. 15, the day nominations were due for the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont, Stephens, who won the '74 Derby with Cannonade, didn't name Smarten. "I thought he couldn't get back to serious training for 60 days," he says. And after what he saw of Spectacular Bid, Stephens was in no hurry for Smarten to hook him. He saw Bid win the Florida Derby, the race in which Jockey Ronnie Franklin gave him four excuses to get heat, and that was enough for Woody



Smarten has won five straight and \$412,640 this year

"That was the key," he says. "That race was what made me back away. With as much bad luck as he had, he beat those horses easily."

At the time Smarten did not belong in the company of Bid. But the colt (by Cyane-Smartare) responded sooner than Stephens had expected, and in late March he made his first start in more than two months, in an allowance race at Hialeah. He finished fourth, beaten almost 10 lengths, but he came back bouncing to the shed. Picking his spots, Stephens decided to send Smarten to Hot Springs for the Arkansas Derby. He just moved, with Golden Act charging past him in the final eighth to beat him a neck. Encouraged, Stephens shipped him to New York for the Wood Memorial. He finished fourth, beaten just half a length, after he was blocked and forced to check several times. "Should've won it," Woody says.

Now the fun began, a traveling road show like no other in the game, two men and a horse. Groom Ben Riley and the colt's English-born exercise boy, Phil Kleaves, accompanied him everywhere. "A great traveling companion," says Kleaves. "Nothing bothers him. It's just Ben, myself and him." Woody had them

continued

vanned to Pimlico following the Wood, and on the day Spectacular Bid won the Kentucky Derby, Smarten took the \$50,000-added Woodlawn on the grass at Pimlico, winning by six lengths. He left town as Spectacular Bid was arriving for the Preakness. Stephens still could have supplemented Smarten in the Preakness and the Belmont, but having seen the Derby on television, he thought Bid was not a horse to tangle with. Robert Kirkham, a lumber distributor from Muttontown, N.Y., who owns the colt with Jim Ryan, a builder from Columbia, Md., concurred. So Smarten was off to Chicago for the \$150,000-added Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park. He won by five, running the 1 1/4 miles in 1:49 1/2, just a tick off the track mark, and earned \$91,710. That same afternoon Spectacular Bid romped in the Preakness.

Stephens fetched his colt home to Belmont from Chicago. Kirkham wanted to run him in the Belmont, but the trainer's judgment prevailed. Stephens looked at it this way. Spectacular Bid had run su-

perbly in the Preakness and looked unbeatable at Belmont Park; Smarten had never even been a mile and a quarter, much less the Belmont distance of a mile and a half. There was a rich pot for the plucking in the \$100,000-added Pennsylvania Derby on May 28 at Keystone Racetrack in Pennsylvania, and another in the \$150,000-added Ohio Derby eight days after the Belmont. "If I ran in the Belmont, I'd have to miss those two," he says. "I'd have had to win the Belmont to come out ahead."

The logic seemed irrefutable. So Stephens shipped Smarten to Keystone to face five virtual unknowns. Under Sam Maple, his regular rider, the colt won by three, earning a purse of \$68,880.

Next, Smarten flew to Cleveland for the Ohio Derby, and won that easily, by eight, beating a colt called Bold Ruckus. His purse was \$90,000. Then Stephens sent Smarten back to Chicago for the \$106,000 American Derby, at a mile and a quarter, at Arlington Park. Nothing of merit faced Smarten, and he won with

authority. The prize was \$63,600. The trainer was like a kid in the candy store holding five lollipops at once.

But things promise to get more demanding for Smarten this summer and fall. Stephens is aiming for the Travers at Saratoga next month and the stiffer competition it could offer—perhaps even Spectacular Bid and Davona Dale.

The colt has certainly earned the chance to meet them, and Stephens plans to give it to him. What he has is a relatively fresh horse who was not wrung out chasing Bid, who has won his races decisively and who goes to Saratoga a better horse than he was six months ago. And a horse, as Stephens says, with confidence. Not to mention almost half a million in the bank. "Keep yourself in good company and your horse in bad company," Trainer Frank Whiteley says. "That's the secret of the game." Stephens, whose horses have won more than 1,200 races and more than \$16 million in purses since he began training in 1938, knows it well.

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Goldengirl is the story of Susan Anton, played by Goldie Serafin, a tale about a great big beautiful blonde who is created by a diabolical P.R. doctor and an unscrupulous poster manufacturer and comes to conquer Hollywood in 1979. Either that or it is the story of Goldie Serafin, played by Susan Anton, a tale about a great big beautiful blonde who is created by a diabolical German doctor and an unscrupulous French psychiatrist and comes to conquer the Olympics in 1980. It is one or the other, and I am not sure that it matters much, because if you like great big beautiful blondes running about in next to nothing, you will not pause to quibble about minutiae, such as what is going on and why in the world it is.

On the other hand, there are always nippers. I have a friend, a track nut, who advises me that Susan/Goldie "runs too straight up." So, in this sense, *Goldengirl* can be like a rabbit test to find out if you are a track nut. If you come away from the film talking about the running, you are a track nut.

But (as I was saying to the AAU the other day), it's a game of inches. And Susan Anton is a game of inches. Lovingly, then leeringly, she is photographed in her track outfits, often as not from the rear, where her shorts are always hiking up just so. Incidentally, *Goldengirl* runs the 100 meters in 10.91, the 200 in 20.03 and the 400 in an equivalently low, but undisclosed, figure, because, as she declares: "I'm a simple American girl who was born to win three Olympic gold medals." The further expectation is that this triple play will make small potatoes out of Mark Spitz and Bruce Jenner and produce \$20 million for herself and the consortium financing her.

But Goldie is not just another one of the girls. The mad sawbones has shot her chock-full of a drug that makes rats grow as big as Aardales, so *Goldengirl* is 6'2", 19% stronger than pure unadulterated women, and 30 to 40 years ahead of them. She is also surrounded by a \$250,000 training facility, and by all manner of support personnel, leading off with the doctor (Curt Jurgens) and the psychiatrist (Leslie Caron), who supply a one-two punch of classic Teutonic and Gallic accents that we have not had so wonderfully juxtaposed since *Casablanca*. "I haf not show you da affection you deserf," Herr Jurgens growls to *Goldengirl*. "But, ah, ze Joy weel come byair." Mlle. Caron coos to her. And you think it's tough just because you're a Gemini. No wonder *Goldengirl* has identity problems. She sings *Slow Down, I'll Fast You*, and contracts a touch of diabetes.

On to Moscow!

The screenwriter, John Kohn, has done a neat job of streamlining the novel (by Peter

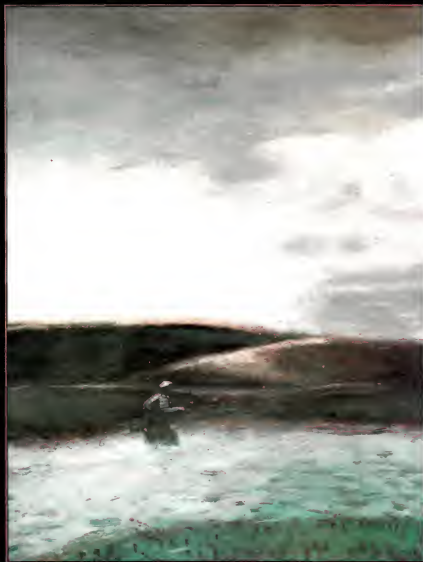
Leese), especially by eliminating the middle of the book, which backed and filled to no good purpose. Kohn's dialogue is hardly scintillating, and the characters search vainly for the second dimension, but so what? We don't want our potboilers cluttered up with anything less than certifiably crazed doctors, greedy businessmen, nosy reporters and "the unknown blonde from Bakersfield."

Unfortunately, *Goldengirl* has been sabotaged by an incredibly inept job of editing. The movie jumps and starts, spraying exposition upon us. Worse, two crucial plot turns are botched. First we discover—I think we do—that the doctor is not really *Goldengirl's* father. All along we have been told he is, and then, in an aside tossed off as if she were asking Burger King to hold the pickles, Goldie says he isn't. And, zap, that's all of that. Moreover, one important love scene, or several of them, appear to have been dropped altogether, so that *Goldengirl's* affection for a mackinac expert (James Coburn) seems to have no basis whatsoever. Coburn is quite fine at playing a sort of Mark McCormack with heart, but he is too long in the tooth ever to have been cast as the noble Miss Anton's heartthrob.

For track nuts, Dwight Stones has a demanding job of acting: he must play an amateur high jumper. Bob Beamon appears as a color announcer—saying nothing of consequence and thus filling the role perfectly. Harry Guardino, as a member of the *Goldengirl* consortium, is a dead ringer for Joe Namath 20 years from now. John Newcombe, cast as another member of the syndicate, has been confined largely to modeling the line of clothing he endorses. It's all hokey good fun, but I would have to say that they adapted the poster from Susan Anton better than they adapted the movie from the novel. **END**



A GREAT BIG GOLDEN-GIRLY PRODUCTION





Cast And Cast Again

The salmon never seem to be in the river anymore but the obsessed angler, hope touched by melancholy, still wades out to seek the prize beyond recompense

by WILLIAM HUMPHREY

CONTINUED

Atlantic Salmon continued

Be at No. 15 Place Vendôme Monday morning at 9:15 sharp," the wire read.

No. 15 Place Vendôme is the address of Paris' Ritz Hotel, where two days earlier my wife and I had met the owner, Charles Ritz, and had promptly earned his disapproval of our fly-casting techniques. I wanted to talk to him not about fishing but about the literary associations of the Ritz—which is so very rich in them—but when I asked Charles for his recollections of Proust, who for years dined there nightly, he said, "I may have seen him. He was another flyswatter." That was Charles' name for anybody who was not a fly-fisherman. I dropped the subject. He then got it out of us that we did not practice the technique of fly casting he prescribes in his book *A Fly Fisher's Life*. We did it wrong then, and provided we did not turn out to be too old to learn, he was determined to teach us the right way.

So his wire was not an invitation but a summons, a command, and we were there exactly on time. However, at half past nine we were still sitting in Charles' car with him and his chauffeur, waiting. For what, we were not told.

Presently there appeared on the Place, headed our way, a short, slight, bespectacled young man dressed in knickers, a bulky sweater and a tweed cap, carrying large canvas bags slung from both shoulders and, over one, a bundle of fishing rods in their cases.

"There's my boy," said Charles.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Pierre Affre, a little man with a big ambition, in fact an obsession, a man in a race against time and against many other men in quest of a prize for which all of them, as nobody knows better than Pierre, were probably born too late.

That morning at the casting pool in the Bois de Boulogne, Charles Ritz almost ruined my fly casting, such as it was. Just watching him cast was enough to discourage me. Square-shouldered and erect as a drill sergeant at the age of 80—he died when he was 84—he could lay out 100 feet of line with a light rod, softly and with perfect aim, and make it look easy. He had perfected his own method of casting, had made a religion of it and become a zealot preaching it. After an hour of his coaching I could no longer cast my own way, and it was plain to me that to master his I would have to be born again. Charles then left me to practice while he turned his attention to my wife.

Behind Charles' back I reverted to my old bad habits, hoping to regain a little self-respect. Pierre Affre joined me

and, in English, said quietly, "You should not listen to Mr. Ritz. You cast far enough to catch fish. He wants for everybody to be a tournament champion. Do it your way."

I complimented Pierre on his English. It was hard to believe that he had been speaking it for only one year. He had dropped Russian to study it. Why, I wondered, "I had to," he explained. "English is the language of fly-fishing."

Of Pierre Affre's ability with a fly rod, perhaps no more need be said than that for eight of his 30 years he has been the fly-casting champion of France and has won medals as his country's entrant in international tournaments. That day in the Bois de Boulogne what I was shown as he and Charles Ritz cast side by side resembled nothing so much as a duo sonata—music without sound—rendered by an old maestro and his prize pupil. What many people can do, those two were doing as few people can or ever have. Just to cast a fly rod is not very difficult, but the difference between competence at it and artistry is about the equivalent of the musical comb compared to the violin. Measured against either of those virtuosi, my fly-casting motions were those of somebody beating a rug, while each cast of theirs had the finesse, the assurance and the dispatch of a diamond cutter splitting a stone. Between the two there was that sense of shared pleasure and a common bond that chamber-music players have, the young man revering the old one, he finding in his young friend a continuity that would last after him.

Pierre lived like a Balzac character in an apartment in Paris surrounded, almost swamped, by the paraphernalia of his *idée fixe*. Fishing rods in sheaves were stacked in every corner of his three rooms. Reels lay everywhere. Tents, camp stoves, backpacks, axes were piled in the middle of the floor. Books and magazines, all devoted to fishing, were stacked against the walls. A tabletop was heaped with correspondence from fishermen and conservation clubs.

I was shown all his treasures. Bamboo trout rods as wispy as magicians' wands; salmon rods the size of vaulting poles. One-of-a-kind reels that never went into production or had been specially made for presentation to a champion caster or a legendary fisherman. Flies, tied by famous tiers, containing feathers from exotic birds now protected from the threat of extinction. Books long out of print with hand-colored plates. The talk, not always about fishing, was unflagging. We finally parted early the following morning.

By then I knew such out-of-the-way things as how to masturbate a prize bull for the purpose of artificial insemination and that the human race owes it to the lifework of a certain Miss Rothschild, of the banking family, that fleas, so important to medical research because they carry some of the most dread diseases, have at last been classified. Fleas are classified by the shape of their penises. I also knew by then all the latest about the Atlantic salmon in its long, losing battle for survival.

Pierre—Dr. Affre—knew these things because he is a veterinarian. In France, as elsewhere, veterinary medicine can be a very lucrative profession. Pierre could, if he chose, earn a great deal of money at it, for he is brilliant, tireless, able and willing to take jobs that other vets turn down,

such as vaccinating large herds of cattle—hard and often dangerous work—or night duty in animal hospitals. He does not enjoy operating on house pets, for it is monotonous and unchallenging; he would prefer to do research. But that does not pay. If he is to have the money that his expensive sport requires, he must treat sick cats and dogs. Even so, Pierre always has, as he, making one of his rare grammatical mistakes, puts it, “few money.” The reason for this is that no sooner does he get a little in his pocket than he throws up his job and is off to Scotland or Canada or Iceland in quest of the trophy salmon that swims continuously in his thoughts. Pierre is free to travel. He has no intention of getting married, for that would tie him down. Nor does he wish to bring children into a world where, by the time any son of his was grown, there would be no salmon left to catch. That, as regards his favorite fish, is Pierre in his black mood; he can be, the very next moment, just as in-temperately optimistic.

In the same year—his 20th—that he won his first national fly-casting championship, Pierre caught his first salmon. Until then his fishing had been for small game. That year, in a truck borrowed from his father's plumbing business, he went to the Pyrenees. There, in the Gave d'Oloron, he caught one of the few salmon remaining in a river that had once abounded in them. It was an 18-pounder. Pierre paid for the trip by selling the fish. Unlike America, most European countries, including France, permit the sale of game fish, and salmon is everywhere very high-priced. It becomes more so with each passing year. In that economic

fact lies Pierre's hope and his despair, the latter gaining upon the former with each passing year.

The large photograph on the wall of his apartment, of him bringing that fish ashore, is that of a man who has found his fate. It might be his wedding picture. Sad if so, because of the salmon's uncertain future.

When they are young and fancy-free, fishermen play the field, angling for anything, pleased with whatever they get. Their hearts are not yet in it. But waiting for each and every one of them is *his* fish, and each species—the ones really worth fishing for, that is—demands his undivided devotion, like a jealous woman. Of all fish, the one Pierre Affre fell for at first sight, hook, line and sinker, is the most beleaguered, the most exacting, the most finicky.

Pierre did not fit my notion of a salmon fisherman. He was too young, too poor, too lively minded, too French. Salmon fishing requires rather a phlegmatic disposition, the opposite of Pierre's excitability and restlessness. Patience is not, despite the common belief, required of all fishing; of salmon fishing it is—patience, perseverance, indeed doggedness, and a low expectation of reward.

A salmon fisherman ought to be British, and he ought to be upper class. Success as a salmon fisherman depends little upon skill, as does trout fishing; it depends instead upon luck, which is to say, upon the size of the fisherman's bank-book. The rod with the best, which is to say, the costliest, beat of the river, and the one who can rent it at the height, which is to say, the costliest time of the season, is the one who will catch the most and the biggest fish. Far better, of

continued

PAINTINGS BY JOHN COLLIER



The Atlantic salmon: the most beleaguered, the most exacting, the most finicky

course, not to have to bother with renting a boat, picking a time. That is why many of those thinking of going in for salmon fishing seriously have arranged to be born Scottish lairds with 20 or 30 miles of prime water flowing through their estates. Having lacked the foresight to provide for that, you must work very hard, or at least very profitably, and invest wisely, and save, and you will still do well to wait until after retirement, when you have time on your hands. Much time is needed, for, as any gillie will tell you, "One catches a salmon very seldom, sir." He will also tell you the story of the gentleman who, at the end of his week's fishing, points to his single salmon and says to his man, "George, that fish cost me £2,000." To which George replies, "Jolly good thing you caught only the one, sir."

Salmon fishing is a sport for gentlemen. A gentleman fishes determinedly and then, at a fitting hour of the day, he as determinedly quits fishing and turns to other pleasures appropriate to his station. Tea, a drink in congenial company, a leisurely dinner, then coffee, brandy and cigars, a game of bridge, a nightcap. He makes no unseemly haste to be on the water in the morning merely because he is spending a few hundred pounds a day to be there. A gentleman is not—need it be said?—a fishmonger. His catch goes as gifts to friends. When a gentleman catches nothing—which is very often the case—he conceals whatever disappointment he may feel, and no gillie would ever dare presume to cross the social gulf that separates them and sympathize with him. He is not new to this, he would have you know: he has generations of not catching salmon behind him. Fishing for him is a pastime—or is it even that? Is it not rather a class obligation—like shooting grouse? Certainly it is not a passion. Gentlemen do not display passions.

Pierre Affre is the son of a plumber, the grandson of small farmers. He must earn his living, and his consuming passion for salmon fishing leaves him little time to do it. The Seine, the river he, along with millions of others, lives near, was once a salmon river, believe it or not, but is now little more than a common sewer, poor even in three-inch gardens. Always with "few money," and in competition, for a steadily dwindling salmon population, with those with lots of it, what hope has Pierre got?

"I am not a gentleman," says Pierre with a very French, very republican, wicked little smile.

Already I had felt pity for a man with many years ahead of him, incapable of self-deception because he was an authority on the subject, falling in love with that desperately endangered species, the salmon. If his sport was dependent upon the survival of the genus *Gentleman*, then I felt even sorer for him. What pollution and hydroelectric dams have done for the salmon, inflation, taxes and death duties have done for the salmon's traditional enemy and friend. It is a toss-up, which is more threatened with extinction.

That winter, Pierre went back to school, to the Pasteur Institute, to study epidemiology. Weekends he spent in the field trapping wild ducks to determine their role, if any, in spreading human influenza. Very interesting, very unremun-

erative work. When spring came, Pierre had even fewer money than usual.

His studies over, Pierre went to work. Weekends he put in 96-hour, round-the-clock stints at an animal hospital. He telephoned an estate agent in London. Available, owing to late cancellations, were a week on the River Spey, a week on the Tweed and a week on the Tay, all in Scotland, all notable for harboring salmon. He had fished the Tweed but never the other two, both of them among the world's most famous salmon streams. The price was, as such things are reckoned, reasonable, for the spring run of fish would be about over, the fall run not yet begun. Eternal question for the salmon fisherman who has to ask what it costs: whether to go when it is less expensive, knowing you will catch fewer fish, maybe none, or to gamble on an expensive stay with better chances of a good catch. Pierre believes that the best time to go fishing is, as somebody once said, when you can get away. He rented all three beats. I went along. A young Frenchman and an aging American, both out of the peasantry, both politically progressive, both drawn to a snobish, anachronistic, upper-class British blood sport.

"Lower Floors" is the beat of the River Tweed just upstream from the ancient town of Kelso. Along with a great deal more of the river, it is the hereditary property of the Duke of Roxburgh. It takes its name from nearby Floors Castle, the Duke's seat. Floors Castle is said to have exactly as many windows as there are days of the year. That is, architecturally, its one distinction.

On this Saturday afternoon in June, the Duke's herds and the Duke's flocks were seeking shade beneath the Duke's oaks in the Duke's meadows from—I almost said, so extensive are His Grace's holdings—the Duke's sun. The one thing in which he was wanting was salmon in the water we were renting from him.

We had fished since daybreak, pausing only briefly for a picnic lunch on the riverbank. Rather, Pierre had paused only then; I had stopped frequently to rest. Wading the rock-strewn river tired me. So did casting my long rod. Long for me, that is to say. It was of graphite, the lightest of all rod-making materials, a one-handed rod of 10 feet, weighing just over four ounces. To the gillies this was small, and they were sure it would barely kill a trout, never a salmon. Yet it was by far the biggest fly rod I had ever fished with. The gillies were wrong; with enough line on the reel, it would have killed a whale. What it could not do was cast as far as the long two-handed rods common on the salmon rivers of Scotland.

Pierre's was one of those rods, 14½ feet long and so heavy I could hardly lift it. Pierre is even slighter of build than I, yet while I often tired from casting my light rod, he cast his big stick daylong, from dawn until deep into the night, stopping only occasionally to change flies. Pierre kept in training to retain his championship.

Never cautious in wading the river, Pierre had grown totally heedless in pursuit of the fish that continued to elude him. Though he offered as little resistance to the current as I did, what a contrast the two of us were! To steady myself and feel ahead of me for pockets and holes in the riverbed,

continued



Two for Tea-

You surround yourself with all the essentials for a lazy afternoon—good book, a snack, iced tea—when once again she surprises you. She pours 6 parts tea to 1 part Smirnoff. And with one sip there's no question it's a whole different kind of Two for Tea! Smirnoff vodka. It leaves you breathless.

Smirnoff Style



Atlantic Salmon. *continued*

I carried a staff. I inched along. I always waded upstream, never downstream, where the current could so easily buckle your knees, sweep you off balance. Pierre, without a staff, bounded in every direction, as though jogging on a track.

Now in midstream, almost up to his armpits in water, he was casting all the way to shore. First to one shore and then to the other, switching the rod from hand to hand, as powerful and as dextrous with either. He was casting the full length of his line and doing it with a regular rhythm, as though he were spring-wound. No metronome could have been more methodical. When his cast was fished out and he raised his rod to commence a new one, the length of line drawn from the water seemed unending. As he took a step downstream to his new position, the line straightened behind him and hung momentarily upon the air. At precisely the instant when the maximum power had been flexed into the rod by the rearward pull of the line, it was brought forward. Out rolled the new cast to that length which no amount of seeing it could lessen my amazement, my awe. Pierre was proof that size, strength, had nothing to do with casting. It was timing, mastery of the rod's own rhythms and inherent power, as a tiny jockey masters a huge horse. Watching him, I understood the value of what Charles Ritz had tried to impart to me—the satisfaction one might take in casting well even when the fishing was poor.

You have got to be a very good fisherman to count on always catching fish, especially when the stakes are as high as they are in salmon fishing. Pierre did count on himself, and well he might. In other years he had sometimes returned from Scotland to Paris with so many fish that, after selling them to the specialty foodshops in the Rue du Faubourg-St. Honoré, he not only paid for his trip, but he also made a good profit. Even in the worst years he had always managed to catch enough salmon to defray a large percentage of his expenses. That was how to be a salmon fisherman without being either a gentleman or an industrialist. To do it you had to fish hard and well. Pierre fished well always, and he liked nothing better than to fish hard. This year, after two weeks, one on the Spey and one here on the Tweed, fishing as well as ever and even harder, he had two small fish.

I had watched him grow grimmer daily. As soon as he was up each morning he looked outside, then made a face. Another bad day: sunny, warm, still. This was supposed to be Scotland! Where was the rain, the wind, the cold—salmon-fishing weather? He had remained polite, but in his eagerness to be always on the water he had grown impatient with the time I took eating and drinking. The food in our hotel was excellent—not to mention the single-malt whiskey. The difference in our ages Pierre could not accept. We must be on the river even before the gillie got there and long after he left. What need had we for a gillie? If I was un-

certain which fly to use or where to fish, I had only to ask him. In fact, we had now fished with every fly in our many boxes. Which ones we used seemed not to matter.

Despite all this bad luck, and despite his constant burden of knowledge of the salmon's worsening plight, Pierre remained undaunted, finding always in a new day, in fresh, unfished water, a spring of hope. "There is always tomorrow, Bill," he would say. Or, "There is still the Tay. A whole week on the Tay! Let us not be discouraged." Then, his trust betrayed, he would say, "No fish are here." It takes a very self-confident fisherman to say that of a body of water, sure that if there were fish he would catch them. Had it been any but Pierre, I would have said a famously self-complacent fisherman.

"Then let's not waste our time. Let's take the day off. Go sightseeing. Catch up on some sleep."

"No! Never! We try again."

Pierre was like the inveterate gambler who says he knows a crap game is crooked, but that it's the only game in town.

Not only was the fishing different, many things in Scotland were changed, just in the year since Pierre was last there, and many of the changes were traceable to the same cause. The narrow Scottish roads, all built years ago, were clogged with tractor-trailers, including the huge tandem rigs from the Continent. Scotland was now a rapidly expanding market for Britain's partners in the EEC. To remedy the congestion, new roads were under construction everywhere and old ones were getting lanes added to them. Ancient narrow-arched stone bridges were being bypassed for new ones, with scant consideration being given to the well-being of the river. To me,



Pierre After: patience, perseverance, low expectation of reward

continued



JUST
MARRIED

Honeymoon-

Of course you'd spend
your honeymoon on the boat.
After all, it all began there on deck
after that wild September sat!
You were laughing about it over
a Smirnoff and tonic, and suddenly
you realized you were in love! Now
you're off on a whole new adventure.
Smirnoff vodka. It leaves you breathless.

Smirnoff Style



Atlantic Salmon, continued

who grew up in Texas in the '30s, a time of both boom and bust, there was something familiar in the air: overlaying the smell of a poverty so old and so pervasive it had become the way of life was the heady new smell of crude oil. Scotland, which had been for so long to England what the American South had been to the North—neglected, exploited—was now spending the money from its North Sea oil without waiting to count it.

Every tourist is a Tory, it has been said. But in his opposition to the changes taking place in Scotland, Pierre was no tourist, he was an adopted son. To Scotland he turned as surely as its salmon return there to complete their life cycle. The Scots are a very patriotic people, but none among them, not even those in the kilts of their clans, loves the country more than Pierre. The advent of progress and prosperity, which they so uncritically welcomed, could not but worry him. Scotland had been one of the salmon's last remaining European retreats. Spain had sacrificed hers to the demand for more kilowatts, hydroelectric dams blocking the fish from their spawning grounds. The Irish Anglers' Association had petitioned its government to desist from the hypocrisy, indeed, the outright deception, of advertising the country's fishing as a tourist attraction. Irish fishing, once so fine, was a victim of that long impoverished and backward country's rush to industrialize. People have always been eager to change fishes into loaves.

North Sea oil now. One more enemy to add to Pierre's already long list. The dams, the Dunes, the diseases, the seals, the offshore trawlers, the inshore netters, the poachers, the polluters: the salmon has many enemies. As an authority on the subject, Pierre knows them all; as a fisherman, he feels them all. The salmon's enemies are his enemies. To have so many is disheartening. They disperse a man's anger without diminishing it; they dissipate his energies. Too many fronts to have to fight on all at once. This very week in West Berlin, smoked salmon was selling in the shops at \$26 a pound. Much as he would like to have some himself to sell to that market, Pierre knows that such prices are the most serious threat of all to his beloved salmon. When a commodity becomes that precious, it is nearly impossible to enforce laws regulating its harvest. Patrolmen and wardens who try to do so are sometimes killed.

Add to the ominous signs of progress in Scotland the worrisome number of Common Market anglers, especially French, we encountered. Knowing them well, Pierre did not trust them. Few fly-fishermen among them, few gentlemen. They do not take it in sporting spirit when they do not catch fish, lots of fish.

The kind of fisherman Pierre admires and likes to share the water with was perfectly exemplified in Mr. Robinson, our fellow guest at the hotel in Kelso. Mr. Robinson, in his 60s, had been coming to the Tweed from his home in Yorkshire since he was a boy. He was a gentleman angler of the old school, a breed less and less often to be met with. He kept gentleman's hours. He did not greatly deplete the stock of fish. Mrs. Robinson was my source for the information that, in fact, he never caught anything. Did Mr. Robinson let a dace like that spoil his sport? Mr. Robinson under-

stood that catching fish is as incidental to fishing as making babies is to—the thought completes itself.

Noticeable by their absence from the hotel were younger replacements of Mr. Robinson. All the anglers here were his age or older—some much older. Indeed, of some of them, one wondered how on earth they managed to keep up-right in the currents of the river. To be a salmon fisherman takes money that most young men have not got. It bodes ill for the salmon, already with so few friends and protectors, that it has got no more than it has among the younger generation of these Isles, its traditional home. The salmon, even as it disappears, has come to represent a passing way of life. The hotel, a monument to the fish, now looks like a period-piece stage set. It might have come from that recent exercise in nostalgia for the Edwardian era, the TV serial *Upstairs, Downstairs*. Salmon fishing has, indeed, always depended upon a privileged class, one that diverted itself with the traditional British field sports, and thus upon an underprivileged class, one willing to work for wages that helped subsidize those enormous, lolly-celting salons and corridors, those gracious, sweeping lawns and well-tended gardens, those leisurely big meals—and do it with a cheerful servility that few young Britons feel obliged any longer to evince.

Salmon fishing goes on in Scotland, the demand as great as ever even as the quality declines. Vying now for the available beats, and pushing the prices beyond what all but a few of the British themselves can afford, are big businessmen from Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland—Arab oil sheiks will come next. Practical men, they want results, not understanding that fishing, as done in Britain, is the most impractical pursuit known to man, with salmon fishing the most impractical kind of all. When traditional methods fail to produce these results, they have no patience with tradition. Pierre is, of course, right: English is the language of fly-fishing, as it is of cricket, golf. The sport was born here, developing not just its vocabulary but its character here. Continental fishermen cannot understand the mystique of the fly. On the Continent the spinning rod and reel—those great levers—are universal. There can be no doubt that they are more killing. Why, in Britain, should the fly be prescribed, hallowed, sacrosanct? The Frenchman who comes to fish here regards this as another British eccentricity. He regards their disdain of prawns for bait with the same amused contempt as he does their avoidance of snails as food. The thing is to catch fish, *n'est-ce pas*? What does it matter how? And if you are paying what you are for it—that is to say, being held up by these oh-so-refined and sportsman-like British—then you do not want to return home empty-handed to a wife and friends already derisive enough about your spending all that money on your sport.

I had watched Pierre hook and catch his two fish, a nine-pounder and a 14-pounder, and the evident conflict of his feelings had made me wonder why he persisted in it. He had progressed to a point where just to catch a fish was little, if any, pleasure to him. Today over lunch on the river-

continued



Summer Cruise-

You summon all your craft to launch the Summer Party to Remember. And, for the crew you've strung along, you stash a special stow-away on board—

plenty of Smirnoff to brighten the juices and tonic you've stored. Then it's clear sailing for all hands Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.

Smirnoff Style





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bank he revealed to me. What it was that kept him going, the source from which he drew his faith. It was founded upon myth and mystery.

We fish for salmon in fresh water, but as he reminded me, that is not its element, that is merely its cradle and its grave. Its adult life is lived in the ocean. We know—the Danes, with their depth-sound devices, solved the age-old secret and then greedily began to slaughter all the fish they could—whereabouts in the ocean the salmon go after leaving their rivers. But how long have we known that? A mere decade. What other secrets, just as old, just as fundamental, do the salmon still keep from us? How can we be sure they all go to those waters off the coast of Greenland? Even that oldest of our known "facts," that all salmon return to the rivers of their birth to spawn, do we really know that for certain? Our ignorance of the ocean and the vast variety of life in it is as vast and as deep as the ocean itself.

"We are so sophisticated now," said Pierre. "We smile at tales of sea serpents and at the people who believed in them. Now modern historical research has discovered old records by witnesses who could not have known of one another, in different languages, telling of sightings in the same area and at the same time, ships' logs, passengers' diaries, all describing the same thing. Something phenomenal."

"How little—*poor!* nothing!—we know about the ocean!" He pronounced *ocean* in the French way, with three syllables. "We only begin now to know how deep it really is. What is in those depths? What species unknown to us, what specimens? Go to your Museum of Natural History in New York and see the giant squid. Enormous. You cannot believe. And the label tells you, this is an immature one! Until recent times the coelacanth was known only in fossils. Thought to be extinct for millions of years, it was in the ocean all the time. If it has survived, what else? The record Atlantic bluefish is 31 pounds 12 ounces. I myself have seen the people on the coast of North Africa catch much bigger ones daily and carry them home to eat. There was that friend of Hemingway's, I cannot remember now his name. He tells in his book of a time when he caught an immense tuna and how, after a fight lasting all day and into the night, the great fish, maybe 3,000 pounds, surfaced, beaten at last. Then out of the water came a creature that ate the great tuna for bait. Something no line made could hold. The world-record salmon is 79 pounds 2 ounces. But one was taken by poachers in Devon that weighed over 100. Perhaps somewhere in some depths of the ocean, beyond reach of the trawlers' nets, their depth-sound machines."

Listening to this, I thought poor Pierre, disloyal to all his scientific thinking, betrayed by his longing to catch a prodigy into believing that prodigies exist. A graduate in veterinary medicine, years of studying zoology, embryology, comparative anatomy, and his love of fishing had made him as credulous and superstitious as a savage. And then I thought, maybe his is the true scientific personality. Maybe they are not the hardheaded, empirical-minded skeptics we others think they are, but instead romantic souls, dreamers, believers, not doubters. They must believe in unexplained phenomena, undiscovered species, places still unvisited on the globe, a permanent frontier, life on Mars, must believe,

not in man's capacity to master all knowledge, but in his inability to do so, must believe in mystery, in if you will, *magie*—for if everything were known, explained, classified and catalogued, there would be no scope for them.

Slightly I had seen Pierre spend minutes gazing up at the huge mounted salmon that hung on the wall in the hotel lounge—as one does in every fishermen's hotel in Scotland—as though in reverence to his deity, his totem. The one here was 45 pounds—a thing so incongruous, so out-sized as to bear only a forced resemblance to its species. Pierre could stand looking at it for minutes at a time—and his reverie was interrupted by the inescapable intrusion of the plaque. This said that the fish had been caught in 1902. The painful thought crossed Pierre's mind that he has been born too late, into a world inimical to the fish he worships, a world so greedy for their flesh that it kills them before they can attain their maximum size.

I asked him, "If you should ever catch a salmon like that, what then? Would you be content to quit?"

In his mind Pierre saw himself hooking, fighting, subduing, netting the prize of his long, arduous quest. "Yes! Let me catch him, and then . . . And then 'quit,'" with all its dreary implications, sank into his consciousness. The thought was devastating, inadmissible. "Well, if there is a 40-pounder waiting for me, then maybe there is a 50-pounder. Who knows, maybe even . . ."

If such a fish as Pierre dreams of exists anywhere in today's world, it is not here in Scotland, nor in Iceland or Canada, it is in Norway. Pierre knows that. Every salmon fisherman knows it. The world record, for rod and line, that 79½-pounder, was caught there in 1928 and fish of 40 pounds and more—a few—are taken yearly. Why, then, do not all salmon fishermen rush there? Because not all of them have the \$10,000 per week that prime salmon fishing in Norway costs—though enough of them do that there is a waiting list. To save money enough to go to Norway is not possible for Pierre. Probably it will never be. Not that he cannot earn that sum. He can. But to do so he would have to stay at home and not go fishing anywhere at all for longer than he could bear.

It is past 10 o'clock. Silence, but not darkness, has fallen with the coming of the northern night. The birds are roosting, the sheep and the cows are still. Against the sky loom the dark, irregular ruins of Kelso Abbey. A last light goes out in Floors Castle. As though awaiting that signal to begin its poaching, an otter slithers silently down the bank to the river.

A tiny, lone figure surrounded by water, superfluous Pierre fishes on in the bright Scottish summer night. He will fish until the stroke of midnight when, by Scottish law, all fishing must stop for the Sabbath. His cast is fished out. He begins his lift. Up comes the long rod, a glint of moonlight on its arc. Out of the water comes the long line, scattering droplets that gliven phosphorescently like the tail of a meteor. It straightens rearward in a tight loop, pauses, then starts its forward trajectory. Forgotten are the countless casts that have preceded this one fruitless. This could be the one.

Yesterday

by JACK RUOOLPH

BROOKLYN TANGLED WITH NEW YORK IN BASEBALL'S ORIGINAL 'WORLD SERIES'

Long Island's Fashion Race Course was jumping that cloudy and cool afternoon. A train with a wood-burning locomotive wheezed to a stop nearby, and a procession of carriages and omnibuses converged from all directions. Though Fashion was a horse track, the only horses in evidence were those pulling the carriages. The well-dressed crowd, which included a sprinkling of hoop-skirted ladies with parasols, wasn't there to watch the ponies run. Everyone had arrived to see the opening game of baseball's first "World Series," between Brooklyn and New York. The date, Tuesday, July 20, 1858.

That Series has received little attention from modern chroniclers of the game, and it is deserving of far more. The Fashion Course games of 1858—a best-of-three affair—were the first to pit the finest players of the time against each other; they were also the first baseball games to charge admission and the first to solicit attendance from the general public. By the time the Series was over, almost 15,000 people had made the trip to Fashion, record numbers for the game of baseball in those days.

The games were promoted by Henry Chadwick, a young English immigrant who had abandoned his first love, cricket, for a lifelong affair with baseball. In time he became the unofficial (and somewhat pontifical) *Browie Kuhn* of his day, the ultimate authority on playing rules and longtime editor of the *Spalding Baseball Guide*. In 1858 he was a sports stringer for the *Tribune*, *Brooklyn Eagle* and *New York Clipper* (now *Variety*), in whose pages he fanned enthusiasm for an intra-city series.

Baseball in 1858 was still largely confined to the New York metropolitan area, and nine clubs, five in Manhattan and four in Brooklyn, were among the best. Because it was suspected that in any team-vs.-team confrontation the powerful Brooklyn Atlantics would easily win,

all-star teams (they were called "pocket nines") were selected. Neutral Fashion Race Course in Nassau County was the site chosen, though access from Manhattan wasn't easy. Fans had to take a small steam ferry from the foot of Fulton Street up the East River to a landing near what is now La Guardia Airport, then endure a bumpy train ride to the racetrack. Long Islanders traveled over dirt roads in carriages and omnibuses, some of the latter so large that they required 10- or 14-horse hitchers.

The expense of renting the track and preparing a baseball diamond on the infield was the cause of the admission charge. Still, it is a reasonable guess that the sponsors of the Series neither expected nor wanted big, noisy crowds. The \$10 fee at a time when \$1.65 a day was the average top wage for a skilled workman discouraged the "baser element," as did scheduling the games in midweek. Nevertheless, the turnout for the first game that Tuesday was an astonishing 4,000-plus.

The game was far less artistic than that played by today's highly skilled millionaires, though the principle was the same—to score more runs in nine innings than the other side. Baseball in 1858 resembled softball on a full-sized diamond. It was played bare-handed with a ball slightly larger than today's regulation ball. The pitcher tossed it underhand; his function was to dish it up and let the batters take their cuts. Fly balls caught on the first bounce were putouts, not that easy an achievement with a ball full of India rubber.

The lineups represented all the major clubs. The New York nine included two players each from the Knickerbockers, Eagles, Gothams and Empires, and one from the Unions. The Brooklyn team consisted of three Atlantics and two players each from the Excelsiors, the Eckfords and the Putnams. Brooklyn was a slight pregame favorite.

Brooklyn led 5-1 at the end of 2½ innings, but New York soon settled down behind Pitcher Will Van Cott and began to peck away at Brooklyn's Maitty O'Brien. By the middle innings Brooklyn Catcher Joe Leggett had been charged with 11 passed balls; nevertheless, Brooklyn continued to stay in front. Then in the eighth inning, trailing 18-17, the New Yorkers scored five runs to take the lead for the first time in the

game and they went on to win 22-18.

Sketchy accounts indicate that 27 putouts were flies caught on the first hop, which means there was some expert playing off the bounce on the "loose, friable" outfield turf. The only home run of the Series was hit by Jack Holden, Brooklyn's slugging second baseman. Although the rivals were all amateurs, the homer earned Holden a princely \$25. A fan of the Eckfords, Holden's home club, had wagered \$100 that the second baseman would hit one out of the park, and figuring his hero would be inspired by a piece of the action, promised Holden \$25 of the winnings. Holden had waited for just the right pitch (waiting out the pitcher was perfectly safe, because no balls or strikes were called, although extreme delaying tactics were considered unsporting) and hit a line drive to deep right-field for the homer.

The game over, each team gave nine "huzzahs" for the other. "Then there was a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, shaking of hands and a general congratulation." Taking defeat graciously, the Brooklyn "smiled good-humoredly and hoped for better luck another day."

Another day came a month later, on Aug. 17. Threatening skies and showers failed to interrupt play, and attendance was about 5,000. Brooklyn took advantage of sloppy New York fielding to score six runs in the first inning and five in the third. The debacle continued. Final score: 29-8.

The rubber game was played Friday, Sept. 10, in ideal weather before a crowd of more than 5,000. New York exploded for seven runs in the first inning, led 7-2 after three and added eight more in the middle innings to hold a 15-6 lead at the end of six. Brooklyn scored 12 runs in the last three, but New York got 14, winning the game 29-18 and thus the Series. As in the first game, 27 of the putouts were flies caught on the first bounce.

Following the customary postgame courtesies on the field, the players, club officers and members adjourned to the committee room of the track's clubhouse, where a "collation" had been laid out, including plenty of champagne on ice. Oratory, punctuated by popping corks, grew eloquent as toasts were downed to everything and everybody connected with the Series. The boys even hoisted their glasses to the health of the umpire. **END**



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**WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY
TO WIN.**

As I Did It

by WILLIAM E. HAFORD

A SUMMER OF CUTTING BRUSH WAS THE SOLUTION TO CUTTING IT IN FOOTBALL

The summer duck circled. It was a canvasback. Silhouetted against a cloudless July sky, it was gliding, rocking confidently from side to side, coming down toward the surface of the water.

It met the surface of the warm Texas lake in a shower of silver droplets, then came to rest. The duck was more than 1,000 miles from where it should have been. A little like myself, I thought—far off course. I was caught up in a middle-years crisis, an unpleasant mixture of family and career problems. Things that can send a man out to the edge of a lake to sit quietly and sort them out.

Before the arrival of the duck, I had been silently occupied with the subject of happiness. Now the duck had pushed me back in time. The blind was always a cold and silent place in the dawn. I recalled how it felt to be crouched down on the frozen ground, with the cold stinging my fingers and feet. But somehow it came back as a happy recollection.

I let my mind wander on through the past, collecting other memories that seemed to fit into the category of happiness. And then, suddenly, my mind served itself a question. "What was the happiest day of them all?" Ask yourself sometime. You might be surprised at the answer I was. It took a few minutes to locate and bring back the happiest day. Actually, I wondered if I had ever dwelled on it before. I couldn't recall.

It had its prelude near an old wooden footbridge that crossed Granite Creek, between the practice field and the high school gym in Prescott, Ariz., 1946. We had moved there a year earlier. Prescott was a pleasant community to grow up in, but at the time I didn't think so. I didn't care much for myself, either, and that was the real problem.

I was entering my sophomore year in high school. I stood two inches over six feet—and weighed 119 pounds. I was pale, lonely and frightfully skinny. But nothing would stop me from going out

for the football team. I had always wanted to play football.

However, in my first season of football at Prescott High I never got into a game. I was the only member of the team who never played a single minute. Faithfully, I attended practice every weekday afternoon. Nobody paid any attention to me. The head coach was always across the field where the first and second teams were butting heads. For that season I held an embarrassing distinction: I was the one player on the team who never had his game jersey washed even once.

There was another thing that bothered me. My dad came out for every home game. But he never asked me why I wasn't playing, and I appreciated that. At the end of the school year—and it had been a lonely and miserable one—he announced that he had found me a summer job. I was to work as an axman on a crew that would be surveying for a new highway.

Axman. I had a rough idea of what the job was. My dad explained it to me. But he didn't tell me what it was going to feel like. In the beginning, it was torture. Pure, unadulterated purple agony.

The job of my cutting crew was to move ahead of the surveyors, clearing a six-foot path on each side of a set of preliminary stakes. We cut pine, juniper and heavy oak brush. Each day left me painfully and desperately exhausted. My hands were a mass of raw and ugly blis-

ters. For the first few weeks, I truly thought I was going to die.

But finally I began to catch on to the job. It required technique as well as muscle. The blisters were becoming calluses, and I felt I was holding up my end of the deal.

On one hot and cloudless day we were working our way out of a rocky canyon when I heard the transia man shout. "Haford, get that limb out of the way!"

I grabbed a brush hook with both hands and laid into the juniper. I came at it from the underside on the first blow. Then, one overhand. The third swing from the underside severed it. I grabbed the branch and tossed it aside. I was mad at being ungled out while others were flaking off. I yelled back. "Anything else you need?"

"No, that's just fine."

Suddenly I knew why my dad had put me in this heat-drenched wilderness with a brush hook in my hand. This was to be my training ground. I worked harder. Then I started running. I ran everywhere, and in the evenings I did push-ups and sit-ups on the dirt floor of the tent. I ate everything the cowboy cook put in front of us. And at night before I fell asleep, I created football scenes in my mind.

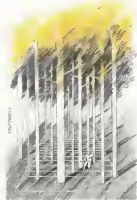
One of our axmen was a big Mormon who played football at Utah State. He was on the crew for the same reason I was, only he knew it from the start. I never told him I was a football player, but he must have guessed. We went home every other weekend, and one Monday he brought a football back to camp.

He worked with me, tossing passes. I wasn't any good at catching the ball. Finally, he laid it on the line. "You can't be an end," he said. "You haven't got the hands. You can't be a back. No moves, no speed. You've got to play on the line. You've got to be a mean football player. That's all you've got."

We decided I would try out for tackle in the fall. "It's too hard you are," the big guy told me. "It's how hard you hit, and I'm gonna show you how." He did his best.

Summer ended and fall was in the air. Football time again. We had a new line coach, Mr. Cantrell. He didn't know me, and that was good. Our first contact exercise was interior linemen, one at a time, against an end and wingback. I got into the waiting line, but not up front. I want-

continued





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AS I DID IT *continued*

ed a chance to watch what was going on. Up ahead, bodies were tangling and dirt was flying. I told myself, "You've got one chance, that's all. One chance, that's all."

My time came. Across from me were Kelly and Coffee. Kelly was a big end, maybe 190. My weight was up to 155. Coffee was an All-Northern halfback. Fast. Kelly was tough. But I had a feeling he would dog it. He'd remember me from the year before.

I watched for the snap out of the corner of my eye. As I guessed, Kelly moved at me lazily. I caught him under the chin with my forearm and moved him back. We went at it three times. Second time it was a dogfight, but I got through again. On the third, I lost my footing and tripped over Coffee's leg. I went face down in the dirt. As I started back toward the end of the line, Mr. Cantrell barked out, "Hey you, stay in there!" He hadn't done that with anyone else.

Now I was up against Converse and Urias. Converse was a good end, but Urias was a cream puff. I worked on Urias, and he was easy.

Cantrell called out, "What's your name?" I told him. He nodded and I walked away.

It was a long practice. At the end I saw Coach Miller, our head coach, standing by the wooden footbridge that ran across the creek. As I approached, he looked up with just a touch of a smile on his face. "Coach Cantrell says you were getting in some pretty good licks out there today." I shrugged. His smile stayed there. "Going out for tackle?" This time I nodded. "We've got some pretty big tackles," he said.

I don't know what made me say it, but I felt good when the words came out. "Powers is fat and Martin's dumb."

His smile broadened a little. "Well, we'll be watching you," he replied. I walked on across the old bridge.

Two weeks later we were out at the rodeo grounds where we played our home games. Late in the first quarter, they helped Martin off the field. He was dazed and had blood running from his nose. Then I heard that one magic word. Coach Miller was calling my name.

My dad was up there in the stands, while across from me a moonfaced farm boy got down into a crouch. We looked at each other. "I'm gonna beat you," I said softly. And that was when the clock started ticking on the happiest day. **END**

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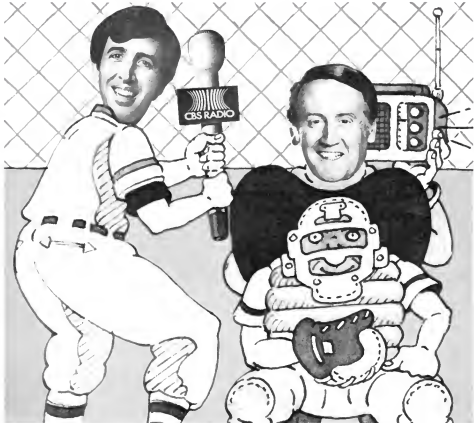
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WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Sir:

In Frank Deford's article on sports in Washington, D.C. (*It's Tough To Be the Hometown Team in No One's Hometown*, July 2), I expected an educated and unbiased analysis on why certain teams have trouble drawing in D.C. Instead, I found eight pages' worth of cheap shots taken by a writer who grew up in Baltimore with a typical Baltimorean inferiority complex. He probably satisfied a lifelong ambition by insulting the nation's capital and its people in print. Oh well, I guess I can understand why residents of Baltimore are so jealous of Washington. It's not easy to be from a town only 40 miles from the most powerful and most beautiful city in the country (and maybe the world)—especially when that town is as insignificant as Baltimore is.

JOSEPH P. O'ALY
Annapolis, Va.

Sir:

Letting a Baltimorean write about Washington is like letting a lifelong Dodger fan write an article about the Yankees!

KIT TROYER
Chevy Chase, Md

Sir:

I have just finished reading the wonderfully inaccurate trash about the sports fans of Washington, D.C.

Why didn't Deford deal with why the Bullets left his beloved Baltimore, or why the hockey Clippers folded, or why the Colts can't sell out playoff games, or why the Orioles draw only when they are in first place or on a 10-game win streak?

Baltimore is a beautiful city, with good fans, but that is no reason to belittle the great fans of the Washington, D.C. area.

J. GILBERT
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

"A tiny little trapezoid of a ball park" is a nice phrase but it hardly describes the Griffith Stadium I remember. Although it held only 30,000-plus fans (no bleachers in center or right) it had one of the most spacious outfields in the majors. Roy Sievers, a first-rate power hitter, spent half his life flying out deep to left, and Mickey Vernon (as well as Mantle and Mays) had all they could do to hit one over the towering rightfield wall.

MIKE O'CONNELL
Baraboo, Wis.

Sir:

Deford revived wonderful childhood memories in his piece on Washington, especially in his reference to the all-too-terrible Washington Senators, who were quite probably the

worst major league team of all time. Nevertheless, his article brought back memories of such luminaries as Tex Clevenger, Reno Bertoia, Hal Griggs and a cast of characters who guaranteed a last-place finish for the Nats almost every year. Thank you.

DOLG KILLY
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

Deford hit very close to home, but he is mistaken about the popularity of the Bullets. In 1978-79 they averaged more than 12,500 per home game, fourth best in the league. That means they outdrew 18 other franchises, including Boston, New York and Chicago. Right now the Bullets have surpassed the Redskins in popularity in this area.

DENNIS GOLDSTEIN
Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

Deford implies that the main concern of the National Rifle Association is to see to it that "every sportsman in this great nation retains the God-given right to dispatch fellow sportsmen with Saturday Night Specials." The bill he apparently had in mind would actually ban all handguns except those approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, including those with barrels of less than six inches. Handguns larger than that could hardly be called Saturday Night Specials.

BILL MALABREY
Ashland, Pa.

YANKEE DOODLING

Sir:

Billy Martin not only symbolizes New York City's bathing, winning style, but also the Yankee ball club (*Billy Boy Is Back*, July 2). No matter how much you beat them to the ground, when the final bell rings they're ready with that big knockout punch. Baltimore may lead in the early rounds, but in the end it will be Billy and the Yanks by a TKO.

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

Sir:

You mention that "the Orioles and Red Sox have had their share of injuries." Who are you talking about? The Orioles lost Jim Palmer for a few starts and the Sox lost Carlton Fisk for a while, but he's back again now and doing some job, and Carl Yastrzemski, with his new stance, is playing better than ever.

The Yankees have lost at least five important men—Gossage, Jackson, Gandy, Rivers and Figueroa. But don't worry. At season's end they will be in the thick of things.

JOHN C. GAGLIONE
Bethpage, N.Y.

MARSHALL'S PLAN

Sir:

Mike Marshall (*The Best and the Brightest*, July 2) just may be on the cutting edge of his sport. His training techniques have made him as much an innovator in relief pitching as another Minnesota sports figure, Fran Tarkenton, was in quarterbacking. I believe that the importance of relief pitching has become the most significant development in baseball in recent years, more than non-fielding hitters or test-tube turf or men dressed as birds. And the methods Marshall uses to prepare for and perform his job will be standard practice among most relievers in the next decade. Thanks to Ron Fimrite for a fine portrait of a talented, complex man who has conquered his own worst enemy—himself.

GURARD EINHALS
Philadelphia

Sir:

Wouldn't it be nice if every baseball player had the same attitude toward the game as Mike Marshall?

RAY SARACINO
Des Moines

DODGER BLUE JOKE

Sir:

Yes, Johnny Carson obviously isn't a Dodger fan (*Dodger Blue Is Turning Gray*, July 2). A while ago he offered his *Tonight Show* audience another little anti-Dodger joke: Given the answer "Catch-22," what is the question? "What would the Dodgers do if hit 100 pop flies?"

CARL OSWALD
McNaughton, Wis.

THE YEAR IN SPORT

Sir:

The recent firing of Detroit baseball manager Les Moss (*Could Les Have Done More?* June 25) suggests a more modern system for marking the seasons of the year.

Under this new calendar, the first official day of summer would be the day the first major league baseball manager gets fired. The first day of fall would occur when the first major cross-country race is decided on a wrong turn by the leader. Winter would begin the first time an NFL football coach claims his team lost a playoff game on a bum decision by an official. And spring would commence when the first college basketball underclassman announces he has thought it over and is turning pro.

Obviously this calendar is far more relevant and accurate than the one now used.

MICHAEL C. BRAND
Corpus Christi, Texas

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

FIGHT GAME

Sir:

Thank you for doing what the major TV networks were not smart enough to do—cover the Roberto Duran-Carlos Palomino fight (*Boxing's* Big Week, July 2).

And thank you especially for recognizing the lower weight classes, which feature many fine fighters, notably Duran, the best boxer in the world pound for pound.

ED MIBLINGER
St Paul

Sir:

Duran has shown once again that he's not only the lightweight king but a future welterweight champion as well. So far he is the only fighter in the welterweight division who could "unsweet" Sugar Ray Leonard, never mind Leonard's 23-0 record. It is time now for Leonard to prove that he belongs in this division, rather than fight mostly overrated, never-heard-of boxers.

MARTIN ECALINI
San Francisco

Sir:

Carlos Elen, Duran's manager, feels that Wilfredo Benitez, Sugar Ray Leonard and Pimino Cuevas are ducking his fighter. Well, Benitez and Leonard might be, but not Cuevas. Those who have seen Cuevas fight know that he doesn't run away from anyone inside the ring. Why would he want to run away from anyone outside it? Duran was a good lightweight, no doubt about it. But as a welterweight, when it comes to fighting Cuevas, he will meet the same fate other great fighters have when attempting to go up in class. Bob Foster went up a weight and lost to Muhammad Ali. Jose Napoles went up a weight and lost to Carlos Monzon, and just recently Carlos Zarate went up a weight and lost to Wilfredo Gomez. Duran will lose to Cuevas. The only question that remains is whether Cuevas will crack Duran's ribs, break his jaw or fracture his eye socket—as he did to three of his most recent challengers.

REYNALDO HERNANDEZ
San Diego

IMPORTED ANTIQUE

Sir,

I enjoyed your article about Johan Cruyff of the Los Angeles Aztecs (*Bracing Nip of Holland* Gen, June 25). I have also heard how good he was in Holland. But, let's face it: he's 32, and at that age in soccer you are in your final years. That is the problem in the U.S.—clubs import famous players, especially from Europe, no matter how old they are.

They may get more people to go see the games, but they are taking away the young Americans' chances to improve themselves.

ED VEGA
South Gate, Calif.

Address: editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020

U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:
10 Carlton have less
tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05



Less
than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine,
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mg. 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



The Frosty Gin & Tonic



Tall, clean-tasting, icy-cold. Made with Gilbey's Gin, of course. The famous frosty bottle pours a gin that's made for mixing. With tonic or juice, in a Martini or Collins, the smooth flavor of Gilbey's always comes through.

Smooth Gilbey's Gin
in the frosty bottle.